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John R. Craig

RANCHING WITH LORDS AND COMMONS

OR

TWENTY YEARS ON THE RANGE

Being a Record of Actual Facts and Conditions Relating to
the Cattle Industry of the North-West Territories
of Canada; and Comprising the Extraordinary
Story of the Formation and Career of
a Great Cattle Company.

BY

JOHN R. CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

IN submitting a narrative of actual facts and conditions in connection with the great ranching industry of Western Canada, I must ask the reader not to look for any degree of literary excellence from one whose life has been principally spent among flocks and herds. Nevertheless, I venture to hope that whatever the book may lack in literary charm may be compensated for by the vigor and fidelity of the incidents themselves, being, as they are, faithful reproductions of actual facts in the pioneer life of the western cattleman.

I make no apology for dealing in considerable detail with the proceedings of the Oxley Ranch Company. The troubles therein depicted were at one time notorious in Alberta and in the State of Montana.

I feel I am justified in presenting a narrative which has the double merit of novelty and truth, and which at the same time serves to relieve me from responsibility for the shortcomings and eccentricities —to put it mildly—of the aristocratic cattlemen with whom it was my lot for some years to be associated, and who are indicated in the title as "Lords and Commons."

The cattle industry in the North-West Territories is, undoubtedly, one of the healthiest and happiest pursuits possible, and under reasonably competent management there can be no safer or sounder investment; and if my little book only serves to make the attractions of the Rocky Mountain cattle country a little more widely known and understood in the East and elsewhere, I shall be amply rewarded.

JOHN R. CRAIG.

MEADOW CREEK, ALBERTA, N.W.T.,
CANADA, June, 1903.

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RANCHING WITH LORDS AND COMMONS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Alberta ranching country—Favorable natural conditions—Area described—Government leases.

CATTLE ranching in the North-West Territories of Canada has become a fixed and successful industry. The venture of grazing cattle on the prairie near the foothills of the Rockies in the Province of Alberta was commenced in 1880-81 by a few enterprising and adventurous cattlemen bringing in herds from Montana, in the United States, and turning them loose on the prairie to wander at their own sweet will, and subsist the year round without any provision for their food and shelter beyond what nature afforded.

The abundance of nutritious bunch and buffalo grasses gave ample food for growth and fattening. Numerous mountain streams and living springs afforded a plentiful supply of water.

The winter months in this northern lattitude are frequently visited by warm "chinook" winds which take away the snow, so that the herds can graze, and if not improving in midwinter, they can at least subsist. In an ordinary average winter the death-rate from cold and starvation is very light. In a severe winter, such as that of '86-'87, the result is not so favorable.

It was contended in some quarters that Alberta was too far north to be economically employed in raising cattle on the range; the percentage of loss during the winter seasons, it was feared, would prove so great as to discourage the industry.

The experience of the past twenty years, however, has proved all such predictions to be groundless, as the average loss of cattle from severe winters, and other causes, has been much less north of the 49th parallel of latitude than south. While it was known that the North-West Territory was the home of the buffalo for bygone ages, it was also recognized that they gathered in great numbers to the Rocky Mountain foothills and adjacent plains, where the chinook winds prevail, for winter grazing. This area is embraced between Calgary, on the north, to the boundary line, a distance of 160 miles, on the south, and extending from the foothills of the Rockies eastward to the Little Bow river, 130 miles. This district was reserved by the Government for cattle and horse ranching.

The ranching country is, however, of much larger dimensions, extending eastward to Crane Lake, Assiniboia, a distance of 400 miles, and north to the

Red Deer, 250 miles from the United States boundary line. To encourage investments in cattle ranching in this newly acquired territory, the Canadian Government granted tracts of land varying from a few sections, or square miles, up to one hundred thousand acres, at the nominal rent of one cent per acre per annum.

There is no doubt but the granting of large tracts of land at a nominal rent, together with the fame which the country had acquired for its splendid climate and luxuriant grasses, led to the promotion of cattle companies, as well as to the private investment of capital in ranching. The policy was therefore justified by its results.

The glowing accounts of explorers, travellers and surveyors who had wintered in Southern Alberta, of the balmy chinook winds, of cricket on the green in Macleod in January, of the cattle on the range wintering in prime condition without any protection or food but what nature supplied, enthused a great many to obtain leases of great blocks of land at the low rate offered by the Government.

The writer was one of the number who applied for and got a lease of 100,000 acres, and with a few friends organized a cattle company, which we named "The Dominion Live Stock Company of Canada." The capital was to be $500,000.

The terms of the lease required one animal for each ten acres to be put on the land within three years. This condition of the agreement thus called for 10,000 head of cattle within the time specified.

Cattle ranching was attracting much favorable attention; in fact what might almost be called a boom prevailed throughout the Western Territories and extended to Great Britain. It was looked upon as a safe and very lucrative investment by British capitalists—at any rate it was declared to be so by promoters who were launching large cattle companies to be exploited in the ranching country in the United States.

I did not see any good reason why some of this British capital should not be diverted to Southern Alberta, where the conditions for cattle ranching were at least equal, and in my opinion superior, to any on the Continent of America. With this object in view I compiled and published a *brochure* containing practical and authentic information relating to the advantages Alberta offered for cattle ranching.

MR. A. STAVELEY HILL, Q.C., M.P.

Managing Director of the Oxley Ranch, Limited.

(By permission of J. Russell & Sons, London, Eng.)

CHAPTER II.

PROMOTING A CATTLE COMPANY IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

In England—Mr. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P.—Temple Gardens —Delay—With Lords and Commons—The Oxley Ranch Company formed at last—A Colonial's impressions of London—Civilization and barbarism of the great city.

WITH the advice and approval of my Canadian friends, who had subscribed liberally for shares in the company, I proceeded to England and spent a considerable time with capitalists in Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was meeting with as much success as I anticipated when I became acquainted with Mr. A. Staveley Hill, M.P., of Wolverhampton.

I met Mr. Hill at his residence, Oxley Manor, by appointment, only a few weeks after he had returned from a tour through Canada as far west as Manitoba. We spent an evening together discussing the ranching proposition. The day following Mr. Hill took me for a drive over some of his well-managed farms, while we discussed the great possibilities of the Canadian North-West, and the grand future of the ranching country.

During our conversation Mr. Hill said, "I believe you have a valuable proposition in your ranching company, but I would not subscribe to any shares in it."

"What are your objections?" I asked.

"I have no objections to your prospectus and plans, but I would not enter in a business jointly with your friends," Mr. Hill replied.

"My friends the shareholders are all well known, substantial men. One is a senator, two are members of parliament. There are others the greatest exporters of cattle in Canada."

"I don't doubt the standing of your friends, but I will not go in with business men. I would undertake it only with my own acquaintances—noblemen and gentlemen. I can get all the capital I need," was Mr. Hill's reply.

"Then I understand that you have confidence in and approve of this enterprise, and your only objection is to the people who are identified with me in the company."

"Your people," said Mr. Hill, "I don't know. Moreover, I can get all the capital you ask for to conduct this business if you give up your Canadian company, but I would like to have your answer as soon as possible, as we should have everything in operation by next spring."

I did not feel at all inclined to accept Mr. Hill's proposal, for the shares taken by the substantial and experienced men with whom I was associated amounted to £20,000, or, say, $100,000; but I did not wish to act hastily, and I promised Mr. Hill to consult my friends, and to be guided by their advice.

I thereupon consulted the Canadian shareholders, and although I expressed no opinion in submitting Mr. Hill's proposal, I have reason to believe that in some way the impression was conveyed that I should prefer to relieve them, and go in with Mr. Hill. Believing they were doing me a favor in putting me in a position to receive Mr. Hill's influential support, they withdrew; I gave up the company with the £20,000 worth of subscribed shares—burned my boats behind me—and went up to London to be near Mr. Hill. In taking this step I no doubt committed an error of judgment, but thus it was that, whether rightly or wrongly, for better for worse, I accepted Mr. Hill's proposition.

What did this change signify? It meant an exchange of the support of a number of wealthy practical business men, with their substantial subscriptions signed and sealed to shares amounting to £20,000, for the verbal promise of Mr. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., a man doubtless of high position, but to me a stranger.

The release of those who had subscribed was given and accepted with mutual friendliness, and I received their congratulations upon having interested so influential and prominent a gentleman in my enterprise.

I may state here that the £20,000 I had secured, and then relinquished, would have established a ranch of very fair size; but, knowing that in the cattle ranching business the larger the herd the less proportionate expense, and therefore the greater profit in proportion to capital, I determined upon securing £100,000, the amount upon which I had originally based my plans.

I took up my residence in London, where Mr. Hill lived, his office being located at 3 Garden Court Temple.

I was a very much longer time in London than I anticipated. I met Mr. Hill by appointment frequently, sometimes at his office, at other times in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was the member for Kingwinford, Staffordshire. I never failed to receive a word of cheer, such as "I hope you are enjoying yourself,"—"This business requires a great deal of time,"—"We will succeed,"—"The English people move slowly," etc.

How many times during those four months I walked to 3 Garden Court Temple, and trudged up the very old-fashioned dark stairway leading to a gloomy landing, I really would not like to say, but after four months had passed I really had nothing to show for it except a very much reduced bank account,—added to an ability to find my way fairly well about London,—and other experiences needless to mention.

At length I felt that it was high time Mr. Hill should give me some tangible evidence as an earnest that he was carrying out his agreement; and with the intention, if possible, of bringing matters to a climax, I met Mr. Hill one evening in the lobby of the House of Commons, and told him that I must have some definite time set, some fixed date, at which our business should take definite form. I was more emphatic than usual, and, I fear, used some expressions which would not be in good form in parliament. As a fact I had gone with the conviction that this would be my last evening with Mr. Hill on ranching business.

Mr. Hill assured me that we would succeed, but said, "We must exercise patience. Americans want everything done in a hurry. We English people are more deliberate."

"I admit all that," I replied, "but surely there has been ample time in the past four months to have accomplished what we purposed. Have you succeeded in getting any of your friends to join us in this business?"

Mr. Hill answered my question by asking what I had done.

I replied by reminding him of what I had done before and up to the time I had met him, and also dwelt, with some warmth, upon his promise to secure all the capital through his friends.

"Well," said Mr. Hill, "that is all past. You must know some gentleman among your short-horn friends in England who would join us."

"I don't know any outside of business through the purchase of their cattle. I have met a great many, but I claim no acquaintance on a casual meeting. For instance, at the great sale of short-horns at New York Mills I met Lord Skelmersdale, now the Earl of Lathom, when he—"

"You have met Lord Lathom," interrupted Mr Hill.

"Yes, both at—"

Another interruption by Mr. Hill: "I will introduce you to two members I see close by."

After the introduction, Mr. Hill unexpectedly asked to be excused for a few minutes.

I was left with my new acquaintances discussing cattle ranching and the great tracts of land at a ha'penny an acre rent per annum.

"What could land be good for that would be got for such an absurdly low rent?" was the question asked. Then was my opportunity to describe the fertility of the soil, the luxuriant grasses, the immunity from disastrous storms, and the climatic conditions generally of Southern Alberta. We were joined by other gentlemen and the conversation became animated.

I had forgotten all about Mr. Hill's departure when he returned bringing with him the (late) Earl of Lathom. I was introduced to his Lordship. The conversation continued for a few minutes, resulting in a request from two or three members that I would meet them again, and give them further information on the North-West Territory.

Then Mr. Hill, with the Earl of Lathom and I, drew aside and talked over our scheme, which resulted in an appointment with his Lordship at his house, No. 8 Portland Place, three days hence, at ten o'clock.

The mention of Lord Lathom's name was most fortunate, for at that moment he was in the House of Lords, which is connected with the House of Commons by a corridor extending from the central or octagon hall. It therefore required only a few minutes for Mr. Hill to bring about the meeting I have described.

This was an eventful day. It began apparently with impending failure hanging over me. Every move and word that day was actuated by an intensity of purpose to bring matters to a crisis, for I felt it was better to meet failure and know the worst than to keep on as I had been doing.

The appointment at 8 Portland Place was punctually kept. The plan, management, and prospects of our ranch were discussed, and another meeting was arranged to be held at Mr. Hill's office the following week. Within a fortnight, on the 25th day of March, 1882, The Oxley Ranch was brought into existence, but it was clear to me that the meeting that resulted in the formation of the company was neither premeditated nor foreseen by Mr. Hill.

I feel that I owe some apology to the reader for taking up so much space in details which have not much public interest, but I think those details will, as a matter of fact, be of interest to many who will read this book; and they will certainly go to show that the path of the man who promotes a great cattle company is not free from vicissitude, vexation and delay.

I would not have it understood that the four months spent in London were by any means a dead loss. A Canadian, or any colonial, who has a long stay in that great city has supreme opportunities to add to his store of knowledge and to his enjoyment of all that is best.

"London is probably the most highly civilized centre the world has ever seen. There are gathered more of the elements of that which we regard as the best." There is both quality and quantity. The parks, gardens, museums, art galleries, theatres, concerts and assemblies of learning, the Sabbath services at church and chapel, where the service is conducted by the most eminent divines, accompanied by sweet harmonious music—all these are at command to broaden one's knowledge and stimulate one's higher faculties.

Westminster Hall, which I was privileged to visit frequently, is an illustrious historic edifice, and within its walls I saw many eminent living statesmen; also the statues of departed statesmen who rose to eminence by the eloquence and abilities they displayed in the House of Commons, such as Hampden, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Charles Fox, William Pitt the Younger, Burke, Grattan and others.

But London has other sights and scenes than these. There is also the East End. That admirable writer, the late Charles Dudley Warner, said, "What is this London, the most civilized city ever known? Why, a considerable part of its population is more barbarous, more hopelessly barbarous, than any wild race we know, because they are barbarians of civilization, the refuse and slag of it, if we dare say that of any humanity, more hopeless because the virility of savagery has measurably gone out of it. We can do something with a degraded race of savages if it has any stamina in it."

What can be done with those who are described as East Londoners? Every great city has enough of the same element. But such questions are not for these pages.

Among the few acquaintances I had made in London was the Vicar of S——, whose charming company I greatly enjoyed on many an evening. When bidding him good-bye, he asked me if I went to Canada by way of Australia!

CHAPTER III.

WESTWARD, HO!

Back to Canada—A long way round—Through the United States—Silver Bow City, Montana—A city of saloons—From Silver Bow to Helena by coach—The passengers—An upset.

OUR Syndicate was named "The Oxley Ranch." My duties commenced on the 25th of March, 1882. I returned to Canada and secured two leases of grazing land of 100,000 acres each, one near the mouth of Little Bow, and one in the Porcupine Hills. During the same summer I went to Fort Macleod, a small trading post, the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, and afterwards centre of the ranching district.

As the Canadian Pacific Railway was not built past Winnipeg at the time, the shortest way to Fort Macleod was the longest way round (Australia excepted!). The journey was accomplished with saving of time and money by the route to Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City to Silver Bow in Montana, the end of the railway.

At Silver Bow I was within seven hundred miles of my destination, which had to be made by waggons. Wearied with six days and six nights continuous travel by railway, I took a much needed rest of twenty-four hours before starting out on the stage to Helena.

Silver Bow, as stated, was the end of the track. Its first building was erected two months before my arrival. It now consisted of twenty buildings in all seventeen of which were saloons or restaurants. The remaining three were hotels, which allotted their principal space for bar-rooms.

The landlord of the hotel I was staying at informed me that the town had quite a boom about six weeks ago; but as the railway was constructed and carried on farther, the crowds followed. The light movable frames used for houses were transferred a few miles farther on to be used in founding another City of Saloons.

The excellent Concord mail coach, of the Gilmore and Salisbury line, drawn by six mettlesome, well-bred horses, was ready to start by 7 p.m. on a bright moonlight night in August.

The agent of the line, a cheerful and obliging young fellow, gave me notice to be sharp on time, as the coach would be full. I found he had booked me for an inside back seat. There were twenty-four passengers—nine for three inside seats, and fifteen for the outside. After the enormous amount of baggage and mail had been piled up on the rear and top of the coach, it seemed impossible for anyone to find a place to ride. "All sorts and conditions of men" made up the list of passengers, from a small waif-like lad, travelling alone and poorly clad, to the white-haired, furrowed-cheeked old man. Some were going to the mines and distant places in the mountains, some in search of new homes and distant fields, which, being far off, the imagination probably clothed with verdure. Among the number were two Sisters of Charity, on their way to Missoula, who were to be my seat companions. Theirs was a mission of mercy and benevolence to the wanderer in the far off semi-civilized outlying districts in the mountains. The outside passengers were seated on the top, around the edge of the coach, feet outward, and resting on a rope which was tied around for the purpose. I noticed the old man and the lad were booked for an outside passage.

All aboard! The horses plunged off, making ten miles an hour. When three miles out, in passing around a partially dried alkali pond, through keeping too near, the wheels on one side sank sufficiently to overbalance the coach. The fifteen passengers and the baggage and mail were thrown in a heap. The nine inside passengers got out of a very uncomfortable predicament through the door, which for the time being was at the top. In a surprisingly short time the coach was put in proper position and the promiscuous passengers resumed their places not much the worse for the mishap beyond the accumulated alkali mud taken on their clothes out of the partially dried pond.

Relays of horses at every stage station, ten miles apart, throughout the night, brought us at daybreak to Deer Lodge, where we had breakfast and a change of coach and company. I was the only passenger for Helena that came on the night coach from Silver Bow. All my fellow passengers of the night before continued on the six-horse coach to Missoula. Our Helena passengers were much the same sort as those from Silver Bow. There were also two ladies, but not Sisters of Charity. In fact, I do not think they belonged to any religious denomination. They were bright, and full of information about the country.

CHAPTER IV.

A LIVE FRONTIER TOWN.

Helena, Montana—At church—Early days of Helena, or "Last Chance"—Purchasing an outfit—Quick financing—Ex-Governor Hauser, the pioneer banker.

HELENA was a bright, wide-awake business town. No railroad as yet had reached it. It was the centre of a large district of mining and cattle ranching; and here I had my first experience of a live frontier town. Faro and poker rooms and dance-halls were crowded day and night on the main street. While these questionable amusements were prominent, there were also great business houses for all sorts of merchandise required by miners and ranchers; banks of the highest financial standing; and churches and schools which would do credit to any town of the same population in any country.

I attended the Methodist church on Sunday evening. The collection was the only part of the service I remember. While the stewards were passing the collection plate I was feeling in my pocket for a small piece of silver, as is the custom with some people in older and more populous places, when I observed, as the collection plate came nearer, that no one contributed less than a half-dollar piece. I was just in time to save myself from being a miserly exception to the rest of the congregation. There was nothing unusual in this collection. There was at that time no money in circulation smaller than twenty-five cent pieces, and very little of these used. The "pilgrim" or "tenderfoot," the name given to fresh arrivals from the East, very soon gets small change ideas knocked out of his head.

The first settlement in Helena began in the summer of 1864. A few miners who had the spring before left Alder Gulch (now Virginia City) on a stampede to the Kootenai mines in British Columbia, returned disheartened and disappointed in their search for gold to prospect, as they said, on the little gulch near the Prickley Pear, which was their "last chance." They "struck it rich," and here they remained until each had a fortune big enough to repay him for the trials, labors and disappointments, and to ensure a life of ease and comfort. In the fall of the same year a miners' meeting was held for the purpose of giving a new name to the place, then called Last Chance, when the name of Helena was given. The year previous it was a desert without a name; in 1881 it was incorporated as a city. The population at present numbers 30,000, and Helena is one of the greatest railway centres of the West. It is said to be per capita the richest city in the world.

In those early days of settlement of the Canadian North-West Territory, which was 400 miles distant, all supplies, horses, cattle, provisions, implements, etc., were brought from Montana. It was, therefore, expedient to purchase an outfit in Helena; but my funds for that purpose were to meet me at the end of my destination. I was, therefore, from my point of view, unable to take advantage of doing what I saw would be a benefit. I discussed the situation with Mr. Max Sklower, the landlord of the hotel, who said, "That is easily fixed; go down to Mr. Sam Hauser, and you will get all the money you need." I went to the bank and explained the situation fully to Mr. Hauser, who, after asking a few questions as to the extent of probable investments in cattle ranching in the North-West Territories by English capitalists, asked how much money I required at present. I asked for two thousand dollars, which he gave me, offering it in cash; but I decided that a cheque book, with the money at my credit, would be more acceptable. This transaction was put through inside of fifteen minutes, and without an introduction. There was no formality of a promissory note or other acknowledgment. There was no suggestion of taking time for consideration.

I mention this incident as it was typical of the city of Helena, of the man, and the times. Mr. S. T. Hauser, the President and founder of the pioneer bank of Montana, I learned more of later on. He was one of the earliest of Montana pioneers, one of Helena's wealthy citizens, and has since enjoyed considerable political honor, having served during President Cleveland's administration as Governor of the Territory.

CHAPTER V.

HELENA TO THE OXLEY RANCH.

Four hundred miles by waggon—A nocturnal storm—Trouble with the cook—Fort Macleod—The Oxley Ranch—Prairie hay.

THERE lay, as I have intimated, four hundred miles between me and my destination, Fort Macleod. I purchased a four-horse team and waggon from a Mr. Sobolski, a typical pioneer, who accompanied me on the way to Fort Benton, 200 miles, one of the principal towns of Montana on the Missouri, and which, being at the head of navigation, secured the trade of a very wide district.

I remained at Fort Benton until I heard from Mr. Hill, and then purchased another waggon and more horses and supplies for the ranch. My equipment thus secured, I hired a cook and two men for ranch work, and started for Macleod. The trail to Macleod was laid down on my map as 250 miles, with only one settler on the road. We encamped for noon at the "leavings" of the Teton river. "Leavings" is a name commonly used where the trail leaves the river. The cooking wasn't satisfactory, but the first day out I made allowance for the cook not having the run ot our "outfit." After a very hot day we camped at Pendent d'Oreille, where the cook prepared our supper by spoiling everything, and also shewed a nasty temper. I had engaged him at fifty dollars a month on the recommendation of people in Benton. I was sorely disappointed, but had an impression that the fellow could do better if he liked, and judged from his manner that he took me and my two men as "pilgrims" or "tenderfeet." Be that as it may, I rolled into my blankets tired and hungry, and I was soon asleep. I have no idea how long I had slept when I was awakened by a terrific clap of thunder. Flashes of lightning blazed, a furious wind tossed our tents over, while the rain fell in torrents. The storm lasted about an hour, and our discomfort was increased by the night being cold. When daylight came I had to unpack trunks for winter wear, although it was the month of August. So sudden are the changes in these altitudes that warm underclothing is necessary all the year round when travelling on the prairie. As I watched our new cook preparing breakfast, my opinion of him the night before was confirmed. I was fully convinced that the bad results of his attempts at cooking were quite as much due to "pure cussedness" as to lack of skill.

I determined on a remedy. Our waggons being made ready for a start, I sent Tom and Harry on with a four-horse waggon, and kept the cook to accompany me. I remained a considerable time behind, apparently assorting things in the waggon.

"Hadn't we better be rolling?" asked the cook. I replied: "I am going in a few minutes, but you can't go any farther with me. You hired to cook. You have set up three meals and spoiled our grub. You are now forty miles from Benton; you rode out, and you can walk back, or get back any way you can, only you can't go any farther with this outfit." I had him in my power, and he saw it. His "gun" was in the waggon, and mine was just where I wanted it. I premeditated my course to get my men away, and have him alone, and get between him and his six-shooter. I believed I could conquer him alone with less trouble than in the presence of my men. There would be no witness to his submission. I expected trouble, but he weakened and begged me not to leave him. He said, "If you take me along I promise to cook better." I extracted the cartridges from his revolver, and said, "I had fully made up my mind to set you afoot right here, and I would be justified in doing it. However, as you are sorry and promise to do better, I will give you one more chance; but, remember, if you don't cook better I will set you afoot to-morrow, and you will have thirty-five miles farther to tramp it back to the settlement than now."

We left Pendent d'Oreille camp and overtook Tom and Harry where they had stopped at a small lake for noon. They said they were getting very uneasy about me. I gave no hint of what had occurred. Pete, the cook, got down to his work and did nobly. There was a decided change in his manner and work during the whole journey; he was a thoroughly converted man.

After two hundred and fifty miles over the dreary and monotonous sun-dried prairie, with not a patch of green the whole distance, we arrived at Fort Macleod, on the Old Man river. At that time the appearance of the town was disappointing. It consisted of a few log huts, but was already the centre of considerable trade and a rendezvous for all the settlers and ranchers of that district. Indians were encamped around on the river bottom. It was also the principal post of the North-West Mounted Police, under the command of Captain Crozier, who was Chief Magistrate and Collector of Customs, etc. With his splendid force of one hundred men he maintained law and order throughout the district, which covered over one hundred miles square.

I remained at Macleod for two days waiting for letters; purchased a mower and horse-rake; and went thirty miles north to Willow Creek, where the New Oxley Ranch is now located. I put the men to cutting and carrying hay for winter use. Owing to the pure, dry air, the grass retains so little moisture during growth that it is cured hay ready for stacking direct from the mower.

The prairie grass in the fall of the year is dried out; it does not decay, but is cured as it stands, retaining its nutriment, giving all necessary food for cattle during the winter months.

CHAPTER VI.

A SNOWY CAMP IN THE FOOT-HILLS.

Mr. Hill arrives—An expedition—Heavy snow—Five feet on the level—Out of supplies—An anxious time.

MR. A. STAVELEY HILL, with his son Henry and two half-breed guides, arrived at our camp September 20th, 1882. They came by way of Winnipeg to Swift Current, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and thence six hundred miles by waggon over the prairie.

At the bend of Willow Creek, where it comes from the mountains and makes a turn to the south, is an old camping ground for freighters. Here the trail from north to south touches the bend known as the "Leavings," and where the trail leaves the Creek the Oxley Ranch was first located.

The day after Mr. Hill's arrival, one of the great bands of cattle driven from Montana passed our camp. The herd numbered about 4,000. They were brought in by Poindexter and Orr from Dillon, Montana, for the Cochrane Ranch Company near Calgary.

After a day or two looking over the hills near our ranch, Mr. Hill decided to make further inspection of the Porcupine Hills range over towards the Crow's

Nest Pass. We took our four-horse team and waggon with Tom and Kountz (the cook, an old-timer) to carry things needful for our company. Mr. Hill and his son Henry, with three others, were on horseback. Leaving one of Mr. Hill's guides to watch the ranch until our return, we started for the foot-hills of the Rockies, which were about thirty miles distant.

The first day we got ten miles up Willow Creek, and it was snowing fast when we set our tents. The second day we continued westward over the hills, which were covered with about six inches of snow, and camped by the forks of Willow Creek. Next day we continued our journey still further west. The Nimrods of our party unsuccessfully scoured bush and ravines for game. Our tents were pitched in a blinding snow-storm on Willow Creek, at the foot-hills of the Rockies, in the evening.

The fourth morning the snow, which was now two feet deep, had ceased falling, but the sky had a dull, leaden appearance. A start was made, for we were determined to continue our journey to the Crow's Nest Pass, which lay to the south-west. About twelve o'clock the snow again came thick and fast. We camped in a well-protected spot near a mountain trout stream. The following day out the snow continued falling, but I felt no apprehension of any danger from cold or storm so early in the season, these being the first days of October.

The third day in camp I had discovered that we were about to come to an end of our provisions. This was a most serious matter, for we were over thirty miles from any habitation, with snow three feet deep, and still falling fast, though, fortunately, the thermometer was not low—seldom below freezing point. Several days before starting on this expedition I had talked over this matter with Kountz, as to what we should bring with us. From what he had determined upon as necessary for our hunting trip we decided it would require our large waggon and four horses to convey it. Here we were the third day with our stock of provisions reduced to a few soda biscuits and a bottle of "Lea and Perrin's."

I asked Kountz how he came to be out of provisions, as I had given him a large waggon and cautioned him about bringing sufficient for our journey. He said, "Your grub is all gone because I fed it out."

"But you surely couldn't have cooked, nor could we have eaten, the quantity I understood you were bringing in the waggon. You were expected to have at least a couple of sacks of flour and plenty of bacon."

Kountz replied, "Well, I've seen a good many hunting outfits in my time, but I never yet saw nor heard of a party going out to hunt and bringing their grub along with them. I only brought a few pounds of flour and bacon. I expected when we got this far all these rifles and shotguns would have found more game than we could use. There is no better way to make fellows rustle for grub than when there is none in camp. Of course, we're out of luck on account of the snow-storm."

This was Kountz's idea of hunting, and he got his views from many years' experience in buffalo hunting. He had lived seven years on buffalo meat "straight," *i.e.*, without any other kind of food whatever. One of our most prosperous cattle ranchers, who has been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, lived twelve years solely on buffalo meat, and he is one of the healthiest men in the Territory.

I asked, "What can be done? There are seven of us in this camp—Mr. Hill, his son Henry, Harry, Tom, Beauprie and Joseph."

"I think," said Kountz, "this storm will soon be over. I have never known so much to fall so early in the season, and I have been here over ten years. I will take a horse and make the Oxley Camp and get back here to-morrow night with a pack-horse and enough flour and bacon to bring us through."

I started him off next morning with the best horse in the outfit to get provisions, expecting every hour to see the end of the falling snow. The hours lengthened into days, with no sign of Kountz's return, and the snow continued falling. Food must be had somehow. Some went out through the bush, and returned with a chicken or two; one or two were fortunate with the rod and line, contriving to catch a few trout in the eddying stream about 200 yards from camp.

Fortunately there was abundance of dry fir and pine close to camp, and a huge log fire was kept going. We tried to make ourselves as happy as we could under the circumstances, and none in the party contributed more to that end than Mr. Hill. He organized our camp into a municipal body, and to each an office and grand title was given. Beauprie, a Frenchman, who had joined our party at the Leavings, entertained us with many a story of his wonderful exploits.

The snow continued falling. It measured five feet on the level, and still snowing. Our resources being almost at an end, it was decided to kill one of the horses for food ; but while one of the men was leading over the horse we had decided on, three prairie chickens flew into a tree nearly over our fire. One was brought down by Mr. Hill, the other two by Beauprie. Three chickens carried us on for another day.

The snow continued. Kountz had been gone five days. We got our horses together and packed our tent, frying-pans and kettle, and struck out for Oxley Ranch.

Before leaving a blaze was cut on a cottonwood tree and Mr. Hill made the following record :

No provisions !
Kountz sent Sunday and did not return.
We have killed twenty-five chickens and four ducks.
Have come to end of all.

Saturday, September, 29th,
Arrived,—Staveley Hill and party.

Leaving for our last camp this morning—
Friday, October 6th.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ARDUOUS JOURNEY.

The return to New Oxley—Still out of supplies—Fish and chickens "straight"—A raid on the choke-cherries—Played-out horses—Home at last!—Kountz missing.

HUNGRY, and somewhat reduced by our limited diet, we started homeward. The snow had quit falling and warm breaths of wind from the south-west were blowing over us. The famished horses struggling slowly along, each in turn taking a lead through the deep snow.

Mr. Hill thus describes our return in his book "From Home to Home," page 205:

"Leaving our waggon and the small tent we started off in Indian file in the following order,—first, Beauprie, as the oldest *voyageur*, led the way; Joseph, Henry, myself, a pack-horse, Craig, pack-horse and Cottingham bringing up the rear. In crossing the first plateau, as we came up out of the bed of the stream, we found the snow very deep, in some places in drifts into which the horses plunged over their backs, and it took very nearly an hour and a half to get over what was scarcely more than half a mile. Here we got to the base of one of the hills, and upon consultation we came to the conclusion that we should find the snow less deep on the summit. We began, therefore, to toil up the hill. Head over heels went most of us many and many a time, but the snow was so soft and so deep that no harm was done. It was very hot work, and the greater part of it had to be done on foot, pulling our horses after us. Zigzagging the slope we must have made nearly two miles in getting to the top with the snow very frequently up to our shoulders, and laying down frequently in it to rest and get our wind, we sometimes almost despaired of getting to the top. At last we reached the divide and to our dismay found the snow deeper than it was in the bottom. Having expended all this labor in getting up the hill, there was nothing for it but to go down again. We toiled along, however, and when we had done about seven miles we came again to the fork of the creek. We found a nice flat place to pitch our tent, and rolling away the snow scraped it clean with our frying pan, which we used as a shovel. Our tent being pitched and fire made, Henry and Craig went to fish, and came back in a few minutes with some seven big trout of at least a pound each, and these boiled down with our prairie chicken made us a soup which we pronounced excellent and which stood in good stead now that we had not got any tea, and so we made a sufficient supper.

"Next morning Henry and Craig went again to fish, and came back with six trout, and having boiled them we made our breakfast of fish 'straight,' a North-West phrase expressing the absence of any farinaceous or other addition.

"*Saturday.*—We started soon after daylight, as we hoped to get to the ranch that night. There had been after the thaw in the hot sun a little freezing again of the snow, giving an icy crust, which sadly troubled the shins of our poor horses, and along a great part of the journey the snow was so deep that we made but poor progress.

"We stopped in the middle of the day to rest the horses, and Henry and Craig caught nine trout, which again gave us our dinner and some good fish broth. This was the same place where we had camped on our way out.

"At three we started again, and I rode along with my eyes almost closed with snow-blindness; towards evening my eyes began to get better, and I managed later on in the afternoon to shoot three prairie chickens. We worked up to the top of a hill and camped there some little distance away from the creek; having lighted our fires, we melted snow for water, and boiling our prairie chickens, drank the broth, and picked the bones, and went to bed.

"*Sunday, October 8th.*—Up at seven. A fine morning, but very cold. As our larder was empty we had nothing to cook. I bade the boys not waste their time in making a fire, and we started off at once, being relieved from any trouble as to preparing breakfast. We rode on till twelve o'clock. Having rested an hour, we resumed our journey, I think a little out of spirits. The horse which we had intended to kill and eat, and which we had christened 'Pemmican' from the use which we had intended to put his better parts to, began to show signs of becoming played out. I got on him and tried to make him go, and managed to get two or three miles out of him, but the poor beasts were necessarily very thin and getting very weak. We came here to some choke-cherry bushes, and it was a curious sight to see the whole cavalcade jump off their horses as one man, jumping up at the boughs and ravenously devouring the berries without taking the trouble to spit out the stones.

"Riding on we came to a camp of Stoney Indians, and as we were descending a coulee 'Pemmican' and Craig's horse completely gave out. As for poor 'Pemmican,' he stood still in a deep snow-drift on the edge of a little runner, and I could not push or pull him either forward or backward. No threats, no cajolery or adjurations availed the least. He looked the very ideal of hopeless and helpless obstinacy.

"I could not leave him where he was, so as he stood on the edge of the bank and his forelegs planted out stiff and pressing his whole weight upon them, I took a good swinging drive at them with my arm behind his knees, and thus with his front legs knocked from under him he was obliged to give a spring forward to save himself. The exertion took him over the brook and up the bank on the other side. Here I took off his saddle and bridle, and Craig's horse being equally played out, we took our tent and other goods off the pack-horses and, as it was now a case of home or nothing, we put our saddles on them, and leaving our goods with our two played-out horses, we continued our ranchward course.

"We rode on into the darkness, but we were now into a country that we knew, and home was within reach, and at eleven o'clock we rode up to the ranch, where we were received with considerable delight. We ourselves were most pleased to sit down and get that which is the greatest luxury any one can have under those circumstances—a cup of real good tea, hot, strong and sweet, and plenty of it. After this the supper provided us by our excellent cook kept us ringing the changes on the luxuries of hot cakes, bacon and beef, and we ate away until one in the morning, when we retired to bed.

"We heard with some little anxiety that Kountz had arrived at the ranch during the night of the one in which he had left us, and having worked hard at baking and preparing food, had started with it with one pack-horse back for 'Snowy Camp' on the following afternoon.

"*Monday.*—Up at eight, and after breakfast, which even after the supper of last night was no small treat, we walked about the ranch with Craig. It was curious to see to what extent we had been reduced in flesh during our six days' abstinence. Henry remarked as we stripped next morning to wash that we looked like two starved Indians. The effect upon our other men at the end of the third or fourth day had been a depression of spirits and an unwillingness to do hard work, and it was clear that ducks and chickens 'straight,' although they may be admirable food for invalids, have very little sustaining power for men."

CHAPTER VIII.

KOUNTZ'S STORY.

Mr. Hill's account in "From Home to Home"—Kountz crosses the Porcupine Hills—Camping in the snow—Nearly snow-blind he reaches Starvation Camp—The camp deserted—Is found by a half-breed guide.

AFTER several days Kountz was found, and the account he gave of his expedition is recorded as follows by Mr. Hill in the book before quoted from :

"After I left you on Sunday in Snowy Camp, it was blowing and storming very severely, and I had some considerable difficulty in getting through the drifts. I struck the creek eight miles from Oxley going down, and seeing a band of cattle in the bottom, my horse turned to go down with them. I went off from them and after travelling three miles my horse turned round to get back to the cattle. I knew I was going wrong, but it was so thick storming and blowing from the N. E. that I let him take his own course, which he did till I had got back the three miles to the band of cattle, and then we turned round and I followed the creek down to the house, eight miles, and I arrived at the house at 1 a.m. It stormed all that night and next day, and I got the things ready and packed for a start. Next day I started to go a route which would not be quite so lonesome, and I had a very bad route. I had to break the trail where the snow had drifted down in the canyon with my hands and feet, walking up and down before the horse, and this I had to do for a couple of hundred yards.

"Crossing the summit of the Porcupines I came across plenty of snow which was deep; one of the horses was weakening. I had to go four miles to reach Lynden's ranch. It was dark when I got there, and I had only done eight miles during the whole day. Next morning I thought of leaving one horse, but I changed my mind, as I thought with one horse to break the trail for the pack horse; it would be only six miles to Quinn's ranch, where I could leave him. Those six miles were the hardest part; the farther I went up the creek the deeper the snow, drifts ten feet deep. Within half a mile of the house, when it was after dark, "Fan" gave out. I had to take the saddle off and leave her there. Next day I went to look for her and found her dead, and covered over with fresh snow; with the other horse I got over to Quinn's about 8 p.m. Next day I was told of an Indian camp about two miles farther up. I thought to get there, and to get some Indians to help me break trail and pack over some grub.

"I found the snow still deeper and it was storming, and I could not find the Indian camp and had to turn back, and when I got back to the house I was told that I ought to have gone farther. I had slipped into the creek through the snow and had got wet through. After dinner, again I started back to find the Indian camp, and found it in a clump of pine trees by the edge of the creek, but there was nothing there but a bitch and a litter of puppies, and I could not see the trail which they had taken. I got back to the house—it was dark. Next day (Friday) I made up a pack of twenty-five or thirty pounds, crackers, tobacco and woollen socks and started off. I took the trail which I had made the day before for the Indian camp. I was going at a good rate and calculated to reach 'Starvation Camp' in a day and a half at most. After getting to the end of my trail of the day before, I found with the pack on my back I stuck through the snow to my waist, and sometimes to my armpits. I took the strap from my neck and raised myself by the pack to the top. I saw that it would not work that way, and as my pack consisted of blankets, pants, socks and other things, I thought I could trail my pack. It did very well for a little while, but I was getting the provisions all wet, so I wrapped the blanket (the only one) round the pack. But I found this was wearing my blanket out. I was very wet, and as it looked like bad weather I thought of striking camp for the night. I did this in the snow, and made a fire after treading and scraping through to the bottom for half an hour; and breaking off some dry limbs of trees I kept up a large fire; so by the time I got dry I had room enough to lie down alongside the fire. I had a comfortable night with a wall of snow all round me, which kept me out of the wind.

"Next morning I started off again with my pack. I had a very long hill of two miles to climb, and the snow was very deep; the farther I got up the deeper the snow, and before I got up to the top I had to place a part of my pack away in a tree to lighten me. I thought I should have enough to help them away from camp.

"I felt myself beginning to get blind from the reflection of the snow on the snow drifts. Feeling the burning sensation and the eyes blurred, I kept up my hand to my face as I knew I should get blind. I suffered intensely from thirst, which eating the snow did not quench, and I only got to the top of the hill, and I was still in sight of Quinn's house, and I could see away to the camp. I camped again for the night in the same way as the night before. My eyes were very sore. Next morning (Sunday) at daylight I thought I could get over some ground before the sun rose, and the snow would be harder. I got about four miles that day and I got within two miles of camp. I was very tired and wet. I camped at a little creek that runs into the South Fork. Next morning (Monday), I got to 'Starvation Camp' at about eight. My eyes were very bad. I read what was written on the tree. I lay in the hut, and remained in camp nearly blind till Wednesday, when Joseph, the half-breed guide, came about 6 p.m. Thursday Joseph and I left. He had come in with one horse, the other having given out. We went home, reaching Oxley in three days."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHINOOK.

The wind that makes the climate—A warm wind from the mountains—The chinook described and explained.

It is obvious that our first experience in prospecting the country we had selected for cattle ranching would have a tendency to dissuade us from the undertaking. I had some apprehension that our idea of cattle ranching was nipped in the bud at this early stage of its growth by such a snow-storm as we had encountered, notwithstanding all the favorable reports given to the public as to climate. Our fears and doubts, however, were quickly dispelled by the chinook wind. The day after the snow-storm ceased, a strong south-west wind, with a temperature varying between 45 and 60 degrees F., set in, and continued until but a few drifts were left as the only evidence that there had been any snow.

The southern part, from High River to the boundary line, is the winter grazing district of Alberta. The difference of climate between Northern and Southern Alberta is marvellous. This climatic effect is produced by the chinook, as the south-west winds are called; without them Southern Alberta would not be a stock country in winter. There is severe weather occasionally, 30 to 40 degrees below zero, with 12 to 18 inches of snow. There are days and nights of anxiety to stockmen, and days and nights of suffering to stock.

The experience has been that the cold spells have been broken with a splendid regularity by the chinook winds. Their coming is hailed by a hazy appearance over the mountains; then a dull roar like the sound of distant sea waves is heard. These signs are followed by puffs of wind, the drifting snow, and in less than an hour the temperature has changed from 30 degrees below to anywhere from 45 to 60 degrees above, and before many hours the country is clear of snow.

The velocity of the chinook varies from the gentle breeze to fifty miles an hour. As they go eastward they are felt and temper the climate along to Medicine Hat, Maple Creek, Crane Lake, after which it is reported that they are lost in the icy breezes of Eastern Assiniboia. They last for several days, or it may be only for a few hours at a time, generally followed by long intervals of calm, prairie clear of snow, warm, bright days. In this lies the superiority of Southern Alberta's climate over other portions of the Dominion. As winter is understood in other parts of Canada, there are from six to eight weeks in Southern Alberta, putting all the winter days together. The climate makes our country. The chinook makes our climate.

Where do the gentle zephyrs come from? is a question frequently asked, and most people are content to believe that the chinook is a warm wind coming through the mountain passes from the Pacific ocean. What seems to us to be a more likely cause is given herewith, and is the opinion of an eminent United States weather observer:—

"After a clear and cold day, with the temperature near zero, a westerly gale sprang up in the early evening, and the temperature quickly rose to 48 degrees Fahrenheit, remaining there over night; while a hundred miles west and beyond the front range of the rockies, the temperature remained 40 below zero all the time. Such a warm wind is called a chinook in the west, and the question often arises, Where does the chinook come from? In case no one else has given you an account of it, allow me to offer the following explanation from the standpoint of modern meteorology.

"The chinook wind generally occurs when some area of low pressure or cyclonic storm centre, such as may be seen on our daily weather maps, lies to the east of the mountains and draws the air inwards from all sides. The air on the plains advances obliquely towards the cyclonic centre on the left-handed inward spiral course followed by such winds. The air along the bases of the mountains moves out to take the place of that which was over the plains. The air aloft at the height of the mountain crest and beyond descends to replace that which before stood at the base, and this descending current is a chinook. As long as the cyclonic centre remains in proper position this movement of wind will be maintained.

"The next question is, Why should the chinook, as it descends from the mountain, be so warm? Many of our people living along the eastern base of the mountains ask the same question, and some of them answer, It is warm because it comes from the Pacific Ocean. For this reason, I presume, the name of 'Pacific Zephyr' has been used for such winds in Colorado. This answer is wrong; for if the wind in question owed its warmth to having come from the Pacific Ocean, it should be a damp wind, while, as a matter of fact, it is remarkably dry. If it came directly from the Pacific, it would be damp, not only from having a good store of vapor, but also from having cooled somewhat as it advanced over the cold continental. When an oceanic wind cools it feels extremely damp, but the chinook is peculiarly dry.

"The warmth and dryness of the chinook are both accounted for by applying the general principles of physics to the change, that the descending air must suffer as it settles from the mountain crests to the plain along the eastern base. As the air descends it is compressed by the weight of overlying air; and as it is compressed it is mechanically warmed. Those who have worked where air is compressed in cylinders, as in supplying mines, will certainly recall how warm the cylinders became. The air at the top of the mountain summits is so cold that it contains little vapor; as it warms by compression in descending its capacity for vapor quickly increases; the vapor that was present at the summit no longer satisfied it; little vapor is gained during the rapid descent of the wind, and the air conseqently reaches the base of the mountain not only warm but dry."

"If the wind continues to blow for some days, as may happen, the supply for the upper flow over the mountain may be drawn from further and further and further to windward, and not only the upper strata of air, but also the lower air lying in the valleys and basins may flow toward and over the mountains. When an ascent of air is thus established on the windward slopes, clouds form there and rain soon begins; and then the latent heat of the condensing vapor retards the cooling of the ascending air. As the current flows over the summit, the small amount of cloud that it carries is soon dissolved, and then the air is rapidly warmed by descent, as explained above. In this case it is not properly the warmth of the air on the windward slope of the mountains, but the latent heat of the vapor it contains, to which the heat of the chinook should be referred. In the example referred to, however, the very low temperature at Laggan, would indicate that the chinook was supplied chiefly from the upper strata of the atmosphere about the height of the mountain summits, and the warm chinook would be supplied from the cold upper air."

The explanation of the chinook, whatever it may be, is of much less importance than the fact of its existence.

CHAPTER X.

FORT MACLEOD, PINCHER CREEK, AND THE CROW'S NEST PASS.

Fort Macleod in the early days—"Kamoose"—Pincher Creek —Tragic origin of the name "Pincher."

AFTER two days' rest we continued our prospecting tour of the country and left for Fort Macleod. This was Mr. Hill's first acquaintance with the town, which he describes as "a grandly named town, the big type of whose name on the map had inspired me with a certain respect for its importance, and I was not a little surprised to find the town represented by a wide muddy lane, with a row of half finished wooden shanties flanking each side. In these wooden shanties, however, an amount of business was done which would, I dare say, gladden the heart of many a shopkeeper in a country town in England; aye, if he could put his net profit at even one-fourteenth of that which rolled into the pockets of the possessor of one of these shanties."

Some of these shanties carried all the year round a general stock of merchandise of a cost value of over one hundred thousand dollars. It was necessary to keep on hand a large supply. Owing to the difficulty of transport, all goods had to be brought in by "bull teams" three hundred miles from the head of navigation on the Missouri at Fort Benton. This could only be done during the summer months, and the trip over the prairie was made at an average of ten to twelve miles a day.

We remained in Fort Macleod for two days while Mr. Hill interviewed the most notable or interesting "old timers" of the capital.

Mr. Harry Taylor, better known as "Kamoose," gave material for two or three pages of "Home to Home." "Kamoose," according to his own story, began life in British Columbia, in the Cariboo district, as a missionary, but finding that he could make no progress, gave up that profession and joined the whiskey traders. He was at the time of our visit keeping the Kamoose Hotel.

Shortly after our visit the town was removed one mile westward to an admirable location commanding a splendid view of the Rockies and the timbered valley of the Old Man River. The old town described by Mr. Hill was deserted, and the new town was built up, and is now on the line of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and is the terminus of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. It is the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police for Southern Alberta, and the centre of trade for a large ranching district. An active and progressive Board of Trade has been organized. The various religious denominations have their places of worship. There are well-organized schools with efficient teachers. There is a one-mile racecourse on the outskirts of the town, and a charmingly situated wooded park on an island of the Old Man River. Macleod is not only one of the oldest but one of the most progressive towns in the Territories.

We continued our journey to Pincher Creek, and put up at Captain Stewart's ranch. Threshing grain had been going on. They had over four thousand bushels of good oats from a "volunteer" crop. No seed had been sown for the present crop, there being enough shelled from the previous crop to supply seed for the second harvest.

The town of Pincher Creek is on a mountain stream of the same name, thirty miles west of Macleod and the same distance from the Rockies. It possesses every requisite to ensure permanent prosperity and growth. Although it has been sidetracked by the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, ranch homesteads are dotted all round for several miles.

I am indebted to Mr. Howell Harris, one of the old timers before settlement of the North-West, who is now manager for the Circle Cattle Company, for the incident which gave the name to this mountain stream and locality. In the spring of 1864 a prospecting party, numbering about forty, started from Montana for the North, keeping along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains from Sun River until they arrived near where Calgary now stands. The party divided here, some continuing their journey north to Fort Edmonton, others returning to prospect the mountain streams on their route homeward. The party who had gone to Edmonton, on their return journey to Montana, heard that some members of the first returning prospectors had been murdered by Indians. This report was confirmed by discovering some of the horses of the murdered men in possession of Indians. A search was made, and close by a stream the remains of a camp was found, and a pair of pinchers which were identified as belonging to one of the missing men. The camping-ground where the pinchers were found was near by where the late Moses Le Granduer's ranch is located, hence the name Pincher Creek remains to this day.

We started farther up the mountains in the direction of the Crow's Nest Pass, and shortly overtook a man who was going to Okanagan, British Columbia, riding a cayuse and driving before him a little pony loaded with his provisions, frying-pan, and kettle. He was making his way through the Rockies by himself. A most hazardous undertaking it appeared at the time, with a journey of six hundred miles before him, on the approach of winter, over a "sea of mountains." After a ride of twenty miles from Pincher Creek, we came to Garnett's ranch, charmingly situated close up and under the shadow of the mountains. Mr. Garnett had two brothers with him, old acquaintances of Mr. Hill's. A very pleasant evening was spent in old country gossip.

The following day we rode off to find the Police camp, which was stationed in the Crow's Nest Pass. We passed some charming scenery, notably at Lees Lake, a very pretty stretch of water. We rode as far into the Pass as we thought safe, so as not to be too late to find our way back to Garnett's over the hazardous road before darkness came upon us.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST PURCHASE OF STOCK.

Band of horses—A young Englishman—Porcupine Hills described—A thousand miles to a railway station and back—History of "Stand-Off"—Eating part of an Indian's liver—Whiskey traders pursued by soldiers—Whiskey and Indians—Buying a lease from Dutch Fred.

THE first purchase of stock for the Oxley Ranch was a band of 116 horses from a Mr. Rush, who had brought them in from British Columbia and was holding them at Garnett's ranch. They were a very good sort, and cost $70 per head.

After this purchase we returned to Captain Stewart's ranch, Pincher Creek, for the night, where we met a young Englishman, Mr. V——, who was out prospecting for a cattle ranch. He was a son of Lord V——. I met him a few days after at Macleod. He said he intended to inspect all the best parts of the North-West, and purchase such portions as he liked.

In the month succeeding Mr. Hill's arrival at New Oxley, we traversed a large area of grazing country within and adjacent to the Porcupine Hills. The hills include a district sixty miles from north to south and thirty from east to west, covered with a heavy growth of bunch grass, watered by Willow, Trout, Meadow and Beaver creeks, clear, cold mountain streams abounding in speckled trout. There are also innumerable springs. On the higher elevations there are spruce, fir and other evergreen trees of the pine family. The Porcupine Hills possess every essential requisite for ranching. The grasses on the surrounding prairie are the buffalo, blue-joint, and other varieties, much shorter, but more nutritious than the coarser varieties in the hills. The disadvantages of the prairie are sometimes scarcity of water and lack of shelter, two essentials in cattle ranching. We were satisfied that the land we had selected was specially adapted for cattle ranching, and all that remained for us to do was to purchase a large number of cattle and place them on the range, and large dividends for the capital invested were assured.

At this stage of our experience Mr. Hill records in "From Home to Home": "I made up my mind to strike down into Montana, where I heard of a band of cattle that I thought would suit me, and to proceed on thence to Fort Benton, and so down to the Northern Pacific Railway at Billings, Montana. This was, in fact, the shortest way home, and the nearest railway station. It will, however, a little surprise those who are not acquainted with the enormous distances of the North-West to hear that for Craig to drive me down from our ranch to the railway station and back to Oxley involved exactly a journey of one thousand miles."

The drive from New Oxley to Billings, Montana, and return was undertaken in the month of November, on the approach of winter. On our first day we made Stand Off, an old trading-post belonging to Fred Wachter, better known as "Dutch Fred" by his old friends.

Stand Off was named by a party of whiskey traders who came up from Montana in 1871. The leader, or captain, of the party, John Wren, gave me the names of his associates as follows: Fred Wachter, Bill McClure, Len Kaiser, Keller, Red Fitzpatrick, Liver Eating Johnson, Honas and Bill Hart.

"Are these men alive yet?" I asked.

"Most of them," Mr. Wren replied. "Bill Hart was shot by the county marshal in Fort Benton."

"How did Johnson get such a name as Liver Eating?"

"He shot an Indian on the Marias and eat a piece of his liver to make him brave. It's an old Indian superstition that if you eat a piece of the liver of your adversary, whom you slay by your own hands, it will give you lots of 'sand'" (a North-West expression for courage). "That's how Johnson got his name. I never heard of any white man but him doing it," he said.

These adventurers, I learned from their leader, started in the spring of 1871 from Fort Benton, Montana, with a large quantity of whiskey to trade with the Indians of the North-West. After leaving they were pursued by the United States marshal, Charley

Hard, with nine soldiers, and were overtaken at Cut Bank River, one hundred miles from Fort Benton.

There the whiskey traders, under John Wren, "stood off" the American U.S. marshal and his men, who were forced to return, while John Wren and his party continued their journey one hundred and twenty miles farther north into Canadian territory. Arriving at the confluence of the Belly and Kootenai rivers they decided to make a stand, and established a trading-post. John Wren said, "Boys, we had to 'stand off' the soldiers to get here; what do you think of 'Stand Off' for a name?". Stand Off was adopted by unanimous consent, although the stand off was done one hundred and twenty miles distant, and sixty miles south of the boundary line in Montana.

I asked him how they managed their business when their whiskey was traded out, and no further supply could be had, as they must feel sure of arrest when they returned. He said, "We were in a dilemma. We had a splendid trade in those days. We had a large stock of buffalo robes and fur on hand in exchange for the whiskey which we had traded out. Fort Benton, two hundred miles off, was the nearest and only place to dispose of our furs and get a fresh supply of whiskey. We also knew the United States officers were around Fort Benton looking for us on our return. We decided to send Bill McClure, one of our men, back to Benton with a four-horse waggon and a load of buffalo robes for another supply of whiskey, and know the worst. He was promptly arrested and put on trial for trading whiskey to Indians, and resisting the officers. The boundary line between the United States and the North-West Territory of Canada had not been surveyed at that time. The officers could not swear whether it was United States or Canadian territory where the attempted arrest was made, and the Stand Off party won the day."

"Dutch Fred" still holds the fort, and keeps a little trading-post for the Indians. Thanks to the efficient measures adopted by the Government, and the vigilance of the North-West Mounted Police, his merchandise no longer consists of "fire-water;" but of tea, sugar, tobacco, etc. One of those old whiskey-traders said to me one day: "If the Government had only let us alone a few years longer the Indian question would be finally settled." "How would you have settled it?" I asked. "We would have had them all killed off with whiskey, or so few left that they would be harmless."

Stand Off is at the point where the two rivers meet, joining in an angle. Fred had a grazing lease of seven thousand acres from the Government, at one cent per acre per annum. Mr. Hill took a fancy to the place and wished to buy it, but the owner said that he had sold it a few days before to a young English gentleman named V——, for ten thousand dollars. The purchaser was the Mr. V—— we met at Captain Stewart's a few days before.

Fred said: "I guess the young man is all right;

he drew up writings binding us both. He paid me one dollar to bind the bargain, and he will send the money from England on or before the first of January." Mr. Hill regretted that we had missed the chance of getting this Stand Off property, and said to Wachter, "If your bargain with V—— should fall through will you give us the next chance?" Fred agreed to this, and after waiting some time after the date when the purchaser agreed to send the money, and not hearing from him, offered me the place. The following summer I made the purchase for $10,000, but not until Wachter had included all the chattels he had on the property, thirty horses, twenty cattle, and a lot of very good farm implements.

CHAPTER XII.

STAND OFF TO DUPUYER.

A great watershed—A ranch in Montana—Buying out a cattle king—On "book count"—A cowboy doctor—"Turner's Own Mixture"—British M.P. cured—Unimproved opportunities.

WE left Stand Off on Monday, October 28th, for Montana. We crossed the Belly River and travelled twenty miles over the Blood Indian Reservation to Lees Creek. We found no settlers there at that time, but the Mormons have since come in in great numbers and established a large settlement named Cardston.

We crossed the St. Mary's River, then up to the Milk River ridge divide. This divide is a great natural watershed, the St. Mary's and Milk Rivers having their sources in closely adjacent springs. The one rivulet takes a northerly bend and gathers force, forming the St. Mary's River, which flows on north-easterly to the great rivers flowing into the Hudson Bay. The other forms the Milk River, flowing in a south-easterly direction and joining with other streams to empty at last into the great Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico.

It is worthy of notice that the boundary line along here between the United States and Canada is on the summit of this great natural divide. Parallel 49° of latitude runs on the highest point of land separating the waters.

We passed Cut Bank River and the very place where John Wren and his whiskey trading party "stood off" the soldiers in 1871, and on Friday, Nov. 2nd, came to Higgins and McClain's ranch, on Dupuyer Creek, in Montana. We had heard they had a band of cattle for sale. In this place McClain, one of the cattle kings, held court in a log shack. His cattle were scattered over the range, eighty by one hundred miles in extent, with other range cattle. The purchase was made on "book count," that is his inventory showing how many he should have provided they could all be found.

After thorough enquiry, and being satisfied from certain data obtainable, Mr. Hill paid for his band of cattle and horses, and his location, shack and log stable, each 18x20 feet, situated on a mountain stream near the foot-hills. The two log buildings and corrals were worth about three hundred dollars, and these were the only part of the property we had seen, and for which Mr. Hill had given a cheque for one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. This cheque the cattle king pocketed, and rode away leading a pack horse carrying his blankets, leaving us in possession, and with the work before us of finding the cattle, which roamed the prairies, mixed with other herds, numbering in all over seventy-five thousand head.

The fall "round up" being over, the cattle remained in Montana to winter on the range, and then to be gathered on the round up next spring.

If an eastern man wonders when discussing this business how the cattle are ever to be found after being turned loose on the boundless prairies, it is an equal mystery to him how a purchaser from inventory or "book count," as it is called, can have any confidence or assurance that the herd contains the number shown by the books. It would appear a very unbusinesslike proceeding that the purchaser is entirely depending upon the honesty of the vendor, but this is not the case. The value of the "book count" showing the whole number of the herd will have no influence with a discreet buyer taking the herd without counting. There are certain easily ascertained facts which will guide his judgment in the question of numbers, such as how long the herd has been on the range, the annual sale of steers or any other sales. The annual increase of a herd of range cattle will brand 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. of the whole number, varying as the winter and spring may be severe or mild, a branding of 500 calves representing a herd varying from 1,800 to 2,000. We attended the round up the following summer to get our cattle and bring them to the ranch. We kept on the foreman who had charge of the herd under the previous owner, who remained with the ranch in

Montana. The change of ownership did not interfere with the management that winter.

Mr. Hill had suffered a great deal from his feet during the journey south. As we had kept on the go from the time of his arrival at New Oxley it was thought advisable to remain here a few days, as a rest might probably bring some relief from pain in the feet, and also give an opportunity to talk with McClain about his cattle and ranch, which we wished to purchase, as previously recorded.

An old cowboy, Turner by name, was cook for the ranch. We induced Mr. Hill to take up his quarters in the log hut and put him in charge of Turner, who professed to be quite skilled in curing any common ailments, but more especially any cases given up by the "best doctors." Mr. Hill has given his experience here, which I take from "Home to Home," p. 244: "My feet were now so bad that my friends insisted upon my taking up my quarters in the log hut, and as I found an old cowboy, Turner, very hospitably disposed towards me, and quite willing to take an interest in my poor feet, I turned into a bunk there, and lay as still as I could, considering the great pain in which I was. It seemed to me, however, that my rest here would give me a capital opportunity of doing that of which I was not slow to avail myself, to come to terms with my host for his ranch and his cattle. I found that my feet were indeed very bad, and old Turner upon looking at them gave me a melancholy account of a similar condition in which his own had been, and from which they had never recovered, illustrating his lecture by an exhibition and showing me how 'pieces of bone kept continually coming away.' He proceeded to give me some remedies, which I am bound to say, however, did not appear to me to have been altogether successful in his own case, and rubbing the feet first with skunk oil, proceeded to bathe them after with some mixture of his own. This gave me very considerable relief, although Turner's account, especially of the blue color which had come over parts of them, made me a little anxious as to the results."

We remained at Dupuyer creek from Friday until the following Monday. Turner's treatment in Mr. Hill's case was quite successful. The cowboys conferred on him the title of Doctor, and he was henceforth known as Doc. Turner. He had performed many remarkable cures in the past, but his patients were obscure, a few old settlers, or an occasional half-breed, which brought him no celebrity; but now, unexpectedly, a Member of Parliament from England comes to him, burdened with pain, unable to walk, and by the skilful application of skunk oil, and some of "Turner's Own Mixture," relief is obtained, in a few days a cure is effected, and Turner's reputation rises at a bound.

If Turner had seized this opportunity he might have been famous, and ranked among the patent medicine millionaires, with a certificate of cure, and a portrait of his illustrious patient before and after using old Doc. Turner's world renowned remedy, "*Oleiferous Mephitis.*" He might indeed to-day have been endowing universities, or erecting hospitals, or doing some great work which would hand his name and wonderful remedy down to posterity; but the old gentleman was not ambitious.

For many a day after this Turner usually began his conversation with saying, "It was about the time when Mr. Staveley Hill came to me all broke up, and I cured him."

CHAPTER XIII.

TO FORT BENTON.

Journey to Fort Benton continued—A miry river and dangerous ford—Cold plunge in alkali mud—Gambled away 500 head of cattle—A lonesome old couple on a sheep ranch.

ON Monday, November 5th, we proceeded on our way to Fort Benton, crossing the prairie in the direction given us to reach the "round up" party, where I could find the foreman who had charge of the herd of cattle just purchased by Mr. Hill. Cold and snow coming on, and finding no trace of the "round up" camp, we followed the trail along the Muddy River. We were warned not to attempt to cross this stream except in places marked out by trails. Mr. Hill and Joseph driving along, and seeing a landing on the opposite side of the clear, pebbly-looking stream, not more than twelve yards wide, and with gradually sloping banks, they went at it. In they plunged, and down they sank in the alkali mud, the heads of the horses just visible. The waggon sank to the bed, about two yards from the shore. Joseph, leaning over the dash-board, groped down in front of the waggon and unhooked some of the traces. The horses, thus relieved, wallowed through to the opposite side, while I hitched my horses on the rear axle, and dragged the waggon backward.

A great many cattle are lost in this miry river every year. They go in to drink, and sink in the quicksand down and out of sight. The cowboys affirm that there are places which would "mire a horse blanket."

We made four miles farther in a snow-storm. It was necessary to give the horses some exercise after the cold plunge in the alkali mud, as a thick coating covered their bodies, while their tails were hanging between their legs one mass of mud and ice, and their bodies quivering with the cold.

The following morning I took one of the saddle horses and rode out over the prairie about ten miles in search of the "cow camp." The snow was getting deep, and no trails were visible. I eventually espied the white tents of the camp in the distance. When I reached them I found it was the intention to break up camp, as the snow was getting too deep for working the cattle.

A great number of the cowboys were amusing themselves with a game of "poker." To some, however, the situation was too serious for amusement. The round up over for the year, there was no employment for them until the following spring, and although they have been in receipt of good wages—$45 to $50 a month and board for the summer—they are "broke."

One young fellow in this camp, who came from

Boston, Mass., had gone into ranching, purchasing 500 well-bred cattle. He had been in this part of Montana about two years. His herd was increasing rapidly, but he stayed with the game of "poker" until he had gambled away every hoof, and he was "dead broke" when I saw him the following spring at Sun River.

Returning to camp we continued our journey to Fort Benton. On the following day we came to a large sheep ranch on the Teton River, owned by Richter & Hunt.

A year previously Mr. Hunt, a young man, sent to Vermont for his father and mother, who came out and were living with him and his partner on the sheep ranch. The old couple appeared to feel lonesome; they had no neighbors for many miles, but Mrs. Hunt said she was quite content in the place being with her only son, and hoped they would be successful enough with their sheep to return and end their days in the old home in Vermont. But, alas! there were dark days in store for this old couple. We did not see their son, as he had gone away that morning looking for horses.

We continued our journey down the Teton, a mountain stream; and I may here say we had been travelling all the way from Fort Macleod near the heads of mountain streams having their rise at the base of the Rockies.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORT BENTON TO BILLINGS.

A general election—Kingsbury's ranch—A precipitous hill—A lonesome young couple—Curious yellow rocks—Deep snow—Bull-dog flies in summer—Billings—Pistol shots.

ON Friday, Nov. 20th, in the year 1882, we arrived at Fort Benton, on the Missouri. Fort Benton is at the head of navigation, and was founded by the American Fur Company. A new hotel had been erected since I was there last in August on my way to Fort Macleod. We were the first registered visitors at the new hotel, the Grand Union, as it had been opened only the day before our arrival. We had to remain here several days, as Mr. Hill was waiting for despatches from England.

A general election was in progress. The contest lay, of course, between the Republican and Democratic tickets, each ticket embracing a nomination for all the offices, from the delegate to Congress down to the constable.

Mr. Hill says, "In listening to the speeches of one of the candidates, he proceeded to go through not only his own merits, but very strongly to criticise the demerits of his adversary." I must say that in listening to the speeches which we heard there, and on the other side, one would certainly come to the conclusion that both parties must have in their nomination selected the greatest scoundrels who could be found in America."

We started from Fort Benton for Billings, 220 miles distant, with two waggons, a span of horses in each. We directed our course, after crossing the Missouri, to Mr. Kingsbury's ranch, in the Shonkin district. Our road lay through some rocks which give a special character to this part of the country. The appearance of them is as of gigantic walls which originally stretched across from one side of the valley to the other, but which have been broken through either by the passage of a glacier or some such destructive agency. They rise on either hand from thirty to eighty feet, with a width of about four feet, and have exactly the appearance of a constructed wall.

Mr. Kingsbury had offered me his cattle for a certain price while in Benton the previous August. We now called with the hope that we could deal with him on the terms he then offered, but cattle had advanced to such an extent that the figure he put on them we thought too high, and did not deal.

We continued our journey southward after crossing Arrow Creek. Mr. Hill describes a hill in front of us here as "the most tremendous I ever ascended with a waggon in my life; in places it was only a narrow ledge, with a steep drop on each side, and zigzagged up at angles of almost incredible acuteness."

From Arrow Creek along the Judith Basin, a settlement of a few log huts, we came to Garden Land. The day following we arrived at U-bet, where we found a comfortable home and large stables. A sprinkling of settlers and a few stores gave the place an appearance of prosperity. A stage arrived while we were here, among the passengers on which was an English writer, a Mr. Baillie Grohman, who had been hunting large game in Idaho.

The following day we came to a very nicely located sheep ranch on Careless Creek, owned by a Mr. Moule, who had recently married. They were a young couple from Vermont, and Mrs. Moule did not attempt to conceal her dislike for the lonely situation. I did not wonder at it. Her husband, however, was hopefully anticipating a fortune from sheep ranching, and seemed in a fair way to succeed.

We continued our journey in the afternoon and got into deep snow late at night, when we camped by a small cotton-wood tree on Swimming Woman creek. The thermometer registered 29 below zero. Our horses began to show the effects of the long journey, and when we got to Bull Mountain they were almost done out.

At this place the bull-flies are so bad that neither man nor beast can live on the range during the summer months. The proprietor of the place told us that every ton of the large stacks of hay we saw was cut between sunset and sunrise. The horses had to be kept in a dark stable during the day, while himself and family had to stay indoors in darkened rooms for protection from the bull-dog flies.

Continuing our journey, we drove over a very bleak country, with curious yellow rocks standing up in all sorts of shapes, some like the ruins of great castles, others in pillars, perpendicular or leaning, and here and there a small tree growing out of the crevices.

It was very dark when we began to descend the fearfully long and steep hill to the Yellowstone River, but soon the welcome lights loomed up, and we ended our 500 mile journey safely at nine o'clock in Billings, where we found a very comfortable hotel kept by a Mr. Anderson. Mr. Hill and I sat up till late settling accounts, discussing the future, and calculating the probable outlay required to run the Oxley Ranch.

Early the next morning Mr. Hill and Henry, with the two Metis guides, took the Northern Pacific train bound for Home.

Billings at this time had a considerable reputation for lawlessness. Mr. Hill mentioned this to the landlord, Mr. Anderson, who resented the accusation, saying the town was as orderly and quiet as any other town of its size. "Why," he said, "there have only been three men shot since the place was founded." While he was speaking, bang! bang! went two pistol-shots close by in a gambling tent hear the hotel, when Anderson exclaimed, "That possibly may be the fourth." Mr. Hill asked, "How long since the city was founded?" "Just ten weeks since the railroad got here," replied Anderson.

After Mr. Hill's departure I remained a few days to give our horses a much-needed rest and get necessary repairs for my waggon before starting on the return journey.

Billings had a population of over three thousand people. Frontier towns have been so often described that it is unnecessary to describe this one. It was as lively and as tough as any other frontier town I had seen, but while I saw what no one who visited the town could help seeing—the drinking, the gambling, the faro, the poker rooms day and night—there was very little disorder or violence. Every one appeared busy. Building was brisk and all trades were prospering.

A clergyman, who gave a cheerful account of his work, said he had a large congregation every Sabbath, and week-night meetings were also well attended. There were other ministers in the place who also had good congregations. "We find what we seek, we hear what we listen for." The good or evil is more or less evident in any city, and is usually discovered according to one's inclination. The scum of the westward floating population is on the surface. We do not find the quiet, industrious workers of new frontier towns in poker rooms or at billiard tables.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RETURN JOURNEY—LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

Cut-throat applicants—Buffalo—A shot that failed—Shot by a woman—Rough surgery—Bacon grease as an emollient—A steer comes through the roof—A disagreeable night—The fate of a young hunter—Foully murdered—Safe arrival home—A fresh journey south—Prohibition and open sale contrasted—Vigilance of the North-West Mounted Police.

FIVE hundred miles of the lone prairie must be traversed before I would reach New Oxley. It was necessary to take a man with me, not only to pick up the worn-out horses we had to leave on the way, but because there was danger from snow-storms to one travelling alone so late in the year. The landlord warned me to be careful in the man I selected to make so lonely a drive. We were somewhat injudicious the night we arrived at Billings in making it known that I wanted a man to accompany me on my return journey to Macleod. I had applications for the job by the hundreds. Every day they seemed to increase. I told Mr. Anderson it seemed as if most of the male population of Billings want to go to Macleod.

"Yes," he said, "this town is pretty full of "broke" gamblers, and any of them will jump at a good chance to get away, but there has not been one among the lot that I have seen who has asked to go that you would be safe in taking. You would be in danger of being set afoot, or something worse, when you got fifty to a hundred miles away on the prairie."

I saw this danger, and replied, "I carry very little cash. I use a cheque book, and the person going with me can be led to know this before I start. When they know I carry no money there will be no temptation to take my life."

"Your horses and waggon and equipment for your journey are a sufficient inducement, too tempting for you to risk yourself with the cut-throats who have asked to go," said Mr. Anderson.

The day after the above conversation I was ready to start, waggon repaired, horses rested, when an open countenanced, smooth faced, genial looking fellow asked me if I had yet found a man to go with me. I told him I had decided to go the first one hundred miles alone.

He replied, "I wouldn't mind the trip to Macleod, and if you will take me along I will take good care of your horses. I am accustomed to camping out. I have driven stage in the 'Black Hills.'

I did not wait to consult with my landlord, as I should have done, but getting impatient with so many applicants, and being favorably impressed with this fellow's looks (I used to pride myself on being a rather clever physiognomist) I engaged him to be ready to start at two o'clock. My man, whose name was George Barker, was going out as the landlord came in. I asked him what sort of a fellow that was.

He replied, "Have nothing to do with him; he is about the toughest case in Billings."

"I'm sorry for that. I have just engaged him for the trip."

"He bears a very hard name, not for what he has done here, but he has the reputation of having been at one time one of the gang of 'road agents' in the Black Hills country," said Mr. Anderson, and looking very serious, added, "I will be anxious about you until I know of your safe arrival at Fort Benton."

I promised to send him a telegram on my arrival; and with George took leave of Billings.

The first day's journey homewards brought us near Moule's sheep ranch. Here the trail wound round a butte, and we came suddenly upon a band of seventeen buffalo, standing perfectly still, heads all facing southward. We were within seventy yards of them to the rear when we stopped our team. The wind favored us for getting near, and before they went one hundred yards Barker got a shot at one, but failed to count. They ran in the direction we were going for some distance, but it was too late to follow them up. These were the first buffalo I had seen on the prairie. I saw five more the next day on the run across our trail, about six hundred yards in front of us, over Swimming Woman Creek—the last I saw in the Territories. Buffalo but a few years before roamed in countless millions over this part of the continent.

LAST OF THE CANADIAN BUFFALO.

In this connection the following despatch, which was published by the press, may be interesting:

"THE LAST HERD OF BUFFALO.

"A HUNTING EXPEDITION ON ITS TRAIL IN NORTH-WEST TEXAS.

"GARDEN CITY, KANSAS, May 15, 1888.

"A carrier pigeon bringing the first news from the buffalo hunting expedition of the Chicago *Times* has arrived here from the head waters of the Upper Canadian River, in North-Western Texas, 185 miles distant. Two small groups of the bison had been sighted by the expedition when the pigeon left, and it was evident the hunters were close upon the trail of the last main herd of buffalo now left on the continent."

To continue my story. Remembering Mr. Anderson's warning, instead of camping out I arranged my daily distances so as to get to a ranch or settlement for the night with my companion, George, whom I found a very agreeable fellow. As we got more acquainted on the lonely road he related many of his personal experiences. One was a story with a woman in it, which, as it is short and to the point, I may here repeat:

"I once had a saloon in Deadwood," he said. "Times were flush; everybody in the whiskey business was making lots of money. There was a great rush of people. A fellow named 'Kentucky Jack' ran a faro bank and poker room a few doors from me. He came into my bar one day, and put his hand to his hip pocket, and was pulling his gun. I was sitting down behind the counter, and before he got his hand up I pulled on him, pointing upwards from where I sat, and shot him through the pine inch board in front of me. I didn't kill him, but he didn't handle a gun for a long time."

"Did 'Kentucky Jack' intend to shoot you?" I asked.

"You bet your life he did. It was this way: his woman came to live with me, and when she wouldn't go back to him he blamed me, and swore he would shoot me on sight, so I was warned and ready."

This was one of a number of somewhat exciting experiences with which George entertained me during the journey.

We arrived at Arrow Creek, descending the steep hill which has been before described by Mr. Hill as the "most tremendous hill that he ever ascended with a waggon in his life," and put up at Jim Lamotte's stage station for the night. One end of the log shack was partitioned off for a bar-room. A man was lying behind the door with his head against the bar, rolled up in blankets. It being too early for bed, I asked the cause of his turning in so early.

"Oh, I've had a hole put through me since you were here," was the reply.

I recognized the man, having seen him at this place on our trip to Billings.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"The lady of the house where I was living, half a mile down from here, shot me through the door one evening a few nights ago," was the reply.

"Was it an accident?"

"Not much. I had been up the creek, and returned at night. The family were all in bed. When I knocked the man's wife called out, 'Who's there?' I told her, and said, 'Let me in.' She knew who it was. I had been boarding there over a month. It was very dark. I could hear her voice as she walked across the floor to the door saying, 'I'll let you in, you—.' I didn't like the tone. I was just stepping back from the door when she fired from a Winchester through the door, and struck me here (pointing to his left side), and spun me round like a top. I fell down and bled a great deal; was very weak before I got here to Jim's."

"What doctor did you get? There is none nearer than Fort Benton—75 miles."

"I don't need a doctor for a thing like that. The bullet went right through, and I can do all the doctoring or surgery needed."

He showed me the wound, and his method of treatment, which was a cottonwood stick he had smoothed down very fine, on which he rubbed bacon grease, and gently pushed through the hole by his own hand, squirming and swearing throughout the operation. The wound was about four inches in from the hip bone, and came out at the back. He wouldn't listen to my suggestion to send him in a surgeon when I got to Fort Benton, but said he would like to get a bottle of sweet oil as a change from bacon grease.

While talking to the wounded man later on, about dark, a curious thing happened.

About one hundred yards off, near the bank of the river, a hunter had located for the winter in a "dug-out"—a space about twelve to fourteen feet square, dug out of the bank, and with poles and brush and sods laid over the top for a cover. The door is below, along the bank; the top or flat roof on a level with the surrounding land. These temporary structures are very warm winter quarters. The occupant of this one had had his completed only a few days, and had not yet erected any railing around the top, as he intended to do later on, to prevent cattle from tramping overhead.

It was growing dark outside when the owner of the dug-out came rushing in, bare-headed and wildly excited, saying, "Well, boys, I thought my time had come."

"What's happened you?" asked Jim Lamotte.

"Enough happened. I had just got my supper cooked and was settin' down to it. I thought I heard some cattle trompin' around pretty close; but didn't think they were so near until one of them came right through between the poles and landed tail-end first; dropped mighty sudden, plumb on top of my stove and grub, and the d—— brute jammed agin the door, so that I had to hustle out through the hole he made in the roof. Gimme a drink quick."

It took several drinks to calm the hunter's disturbed nerves, and the wounded man in the corner took as many drinks as the man who was evicted from the dug-out.

The surgery was successful. The man was cured and going about again as well as ever in about six weeks, and didn't bear the slightest malice or ill-feeling towards the lady who caused the injury.

On my arrival at Fort Benton I wired to Mr. Anderson, of Billings, announcing my safe arrival, and not forgetting the bottle of sweet oil to go to Arrow Creek.

Fort Benton was the base of supplies for all the Canadian North-West at that time. Goods had to be transferred by bull teams to Fort Macleod and Calgary. Transportation was very expensive. Flour was from $12 to $16 per hundred during the winter, and other provisions proportionately high. I had two four-horse teams, and loaded up sufficient to carry us through the winter, although I was in some danger of being snowed in on my way, it being now the middle of December.

I commenced the remaining part of my journey, 250 miles, with two men—one in charge of each team—a tent, and all necessaries to stand a siege of cold. We made Eight Mile Springs, where travellers put up, this being one of the stopping places on the road. The traveller always brings his bed with him. It began to snow very fast, with a cold wind from the north. We decided to put our horses in the stable, and bring our beds into the hotel. The result was the most disagreeable night I ever experienced.

The hotel was kept by two white men. Each had a squaw wife, and there were two or three little half-breed children running about. One of the men had just returned from a three days' trip to the Teton

River, forty miles distant, for a load of fuel, this being the nearest timber. When I asked for supper for myself and men, one of the landlords informed me that they were about run out of grub—had only a little flour and bacon left. We got our own provisions and with their fire cooked supper for our party.

One corner of the room was partitioned off as a bar-room, and a few dirty tumblers and demijohns were in sight. The man who had been for timber had evidently returned very thirsty. His frequent imbibings made him quarrelsome with his partner, and this lasted until he became incapable.

The storm raged outside, and the drunken landlords with their drunken squaws kept up such a row within that I welcomed morning after a sleepless night. We preferred next morning to cook and eat breakfast in our own tent, which we set up for the purpose in the snow-storm, as soon as daylight came.

I am almost tempted to apologize for the unsavory nature of some of the incidents and scenes here described; but I think it best to give them in a plain, unvarnished manner, so that the reader may have an adequate conception of the conditions prevailing at this time south of the boundary line.

The following day we got to Richter & Hunt's sheep ranch, on the Teton. It will be remembered that three weeks previously I was there on my way to Billings with Mr. Hill. At that time young Mr. Hunt had gone away to look for horses. We now found that he had not been seen or heard from since. A search party of cowboys was made up after my return. They found the poor fellow lying dead on the prairie twenty miles from his ranch. He had been shot with three bullets, and his horse was found a few hundred yards off, also shot, and with the saddle missing.

There could be no doubt that the unfortunate man had been foully murdered. Some settlers believed it was the work of Indians, but the majority favored the opinion that the crime was the work of horse-thieves, either whites or half-breeds, whom Hunt had accidentally encountered while riding for his horses. Notwithstanding the offer of large rewards, and the use of every means the law could employ, the perpetrators of this dastardly deed were never detected.

I got to our newly purchased ranch, Dupuyer Creek, Montana, where we had left "Doc. Turner" in charge, and had the band of 160 horses gathered, which were included in the purchase of the ranch; and with the two four-horse teams and two cowboys from the ranch, we started north and arrived at Oxley without anything of interest to record.

I remained at New Oxley one week, then, taking a fresh team of horses, returned to our ranch on Dupuyer Creek by the first of January (1883), where I purchased a band of 979 cattle from O. G. Cooper, and a band of 305 cattle from Frank Bain, near Fort Benton. These with the previous purchases brought the number of cattle purchased on the range up to 3,500 head.

I had travelled about three thousand miles over the prairies of Montana and the North-West Territory since August, five months before, when I left the end of the track at Silver Bow, Montana.

The beneficial results of prohibition under the permit system in the Canadian North-West Territory were manifested throughout the journey in striking contrast with the evil consequences of the open sale of spirituous liquors in Montana, in the United States.

There was as great business activity on the Canadian side of the line as in Northern Montana, for with the opening up of the Territories all sorts and conditions of men—freighters, cowboys, prospectors, miners, ranchers and traders—flocked in to make the country their home. There was very little of what is termed the "wild and woolly" West in evidence; the people were law-abiding, and there was absolute freedom from such objectionable incidents as were encountered south of the boundary line, where the sale of fire-water was a legalized traffic. This result was due to the vigilance of the N. W. M. P., under the command of Major Crozier, who strictly enforced the prohibitory law, as well as the law against gambling.

COWBOY CAMP ON WILLOW CREEK.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM NEW OXLEY TO FORT BENTON AGAIN.

Coal banks—A horse that would not swim—Something about cowboys—Inexperienced management—A Montana cowboy's experience—The cook in a cow camp—A cowboy's costly outfit—One per cent. per month.

THERE were times during my first winter's experience when I felt some misgivings about the chances of ranging cattle successfully in this Territory. It seemed incredible that cattle could survive storms when the thermometer registered from thirty to forty degrees below zero from twenty to thirty days consecutively. While it is indisputable that cattle suffer very greatly during these storms if left to shift for themselves, yet the loss from death is not great on an average winter.

We had at the commencement of the year, as I have related, 3,500 cattle and a large band of horses purchased in Montana, for which preparation had to be made. After putting men to work on corrals and buildings, I left the Oxley Ranch for Fort Benton with three men and a band of saddle horses, going by way of Coal Banks (now Lethbridge) to take over a band of cattle on the Shonkin range, while the foreman in charge of the Dupuyer ranch attended the round up on the Teton range, to get the cattle purchased by Mr. Hill on our way to Billings.

At Coal Bank the river was too high to ford, and there was no bridge. The waggon was ferried over in a small boat, and the horses were swam across. This was the only occasion that I ever saw a horse that could not, or would not, swim. I put thirty-three in the river and got thirty-two out. One appeared to be perfectly terrified. He plunged among the other horses, and seemed incapable of putting himself in swimming motion. A plunge or two and he went under, and rolled down with the current.

After passing Coal Bank I overtook two cowboys on the way to Fort Benton, who had come in from Montana with Poindexter and Orr's herd for the Cochrane ranch the year before. They were returning to Montana to get work on the round up. I engaged them, and was fortunate in getting two experienced hands. I had already seen something of cowboys, both of the real genuine sort and the imitation. The counterfeit has generally a little more sombrero and cartridge-belt and "gun" (the North-West name for a six-shooter) than the genuine article.

First-class experienced cowboys are not plentiful. There are as many grades in this as in any other calling. There is always something to learn in handling cattle on the range. The most experienced hands are adding to their knowledge every year.

"I don't see much to learn in handling cattle," said the managing director of a well-known cattle company to me one day. "Our young Englishmen would make capital cowboys. They are excellent horsemen, good riders; all they need is a little practice in throwing a rope. I don't see that it requires much experience to drive cattle."

It is through such managing directors and inexperienced workers that cattle companies are not always successful. They can give you an abundance of theory—and no dividends. Fancy the judgment shown in giving the management of a business with a capital of £50,000 to £100,000 to a man with no experience! Would any prudent manufacturer or the head of any industrial concern give the management of his business to a person without experience. Yet it is done by some cattle companies where the managing director has had greater ability in promoting a company than experience in the enterprise he was appointed to control.

But I must proceed to the round up. It is the 15th of May, 1883, and I am on the trail to Fort Benton, with five men and a band of saddle horses camping on the Marias, one of the great mountain streams that feed the Missouri near its source.

We have the usual pipe and evening chat seated around the camp-fire before turning in. "Cow punching," wages and saving are discussed. George, one of the men I had hired on the trip, says, "I've been working summer and winter for 'cow' outfits for the last ten years, and I have never saved one cent until I got into Canada with Poindexter & Orr's herd, and got away up there by Calgary, on the Cochrane ranch. There was no gambling or whiskey in sight. Now for the first time in ten years I have my year's wages saved—it's all here in this pocket in one cheque." George had been getting $45 a month.

"Why didn't you save your money in Montana?" I asked.

"When I would get into a town I wanted to have a good time. I usually took a few drinks, and sometimes got into a game of poker, and generally left the town 'broke.'"

"Don't forget, George, you're back in Montana again, and with your year's wages. We will soon be in Fort Benton with the boys," said his companion, Jess.

George looked into the fire for a moment without replying, then rose up and looking solemnly at Jess said, "Yes, we are in Montana; we have left Canada, where neither whiskey nor gambling is allowed; you and I have our year's wages in our pockets on that account. I have worked hard summer and winter, out in all sorts of weather, ten years for saloons and gamblers, and one year for George D——. I know I have been a fool, but for the future not one cent will any gambler or saloon get from me."

The second day from the Marias we got to Fort Benton, where our cook laid in a supply of provisions —"grub outfit," as it is called in camp.

The cook on a cattle ranch is, next to the foreman, the most important person. He must know how to handle a four-horse team, how to bring his waggon from camp to camp on a cattle drive or round up; must have breakfast ready, and loudly call, "Grub pile" by four in the morning. None but good cooks are employed in a cow camp.

I was going to receive a band of three hundred cattle which, as stated, I had purchased from Frank Bain across the Missouri River. The cowboys were all ready except George, who turned up later the picture of distress, money all gone, and asking for an advance on his wages to get some clothes. These he needed badly enough, for both he and Jess had bought no clothes while in Canada, waiting to get a change when they got to Fort Benton, where clothing, although very dear, was much cheaper than in the Canadian North-West. I did not think it would come to this again. George's explanation was as follows:

"I went to Joe Hirshberg's clothing store as soon as I left you, and picked out a suit of clothes, new all through, and left them until I got a shave and bath. On the way up the street I met some old friends, and went into a saloon, stuck to soft stuff for a while, and watched the game for a while, and then took a hand and got my cheque cashed. I'm dead broke, with nothing but these old rags. Another year to saloons and gamblers."

Jess kept straight, but, as he said, "blew himself in on clothes and saddle"—the latter with its accompaniments, $135—viz., saddle, $85; bridle, $20; spurs

$15; lariat, $15. It seems the average cowboy must blow himself in on something. I have seen some of my men with sombreros costing $85. These would come from San Francisco, rigged out with heavy silver cord, etc.

I had purchased Bain's cattle in the January previous, four months back, and sent a copy of the agreement to Mr. Hill, which stated the time of delivery of cattle, and payment. The time was now up, but no funds had been sent. I cabled to Mr. Hill, and, getting no answer, in my dilemma I consulted with Mr. Conrad, of the firm of Messrs. I. G. Baker & Co. (They had been our bankers for some transactions the past winter.) They advanced the necessary amount to pay for the cattle, and money to pay my men on the drive. The regular rate of interest charged throughout the territory was one per cent. per month, interest added monthly.

Mr. Staveley Hill, the managing director of the company, knew my situation, knew that I was without funds to pay for the cattle, or to meet the expense of rounding up and driving 3,500 cattle 300 miles. I felt confident that the accommodation given us by I. G. Baker & Co. would be needed for only a short time, for in addition to the high rate of interest charged for advances, I felt chagrined that our first year's purchase of cattle and other expenditures should have to be done with the assistance of a firm of American traders, to say nothing of paying them the high rate of interest.

I said to Mr. Conrad, when negotiating for the loan, "It cannot be for want of money. I can only attribute the unenviable position the company has placed me in to the fact that the English methods of doing business differ from ours." But I little imagined how much I had to learn of the business methods of the Oxley ranch.

With my outfit ready I attended the round up on the Shonkin range to receive Bain's cattle. Perhaps I should give some explanation here so that the uninitiated reader may understand what a "round up" is.

The cattle ranching countries are divided into districts having natural boundaries, such as rivers or mountain ranges. For instance, the Oxley Ranch is in the Willow Creek district. The south boundary is the Old Man River; the north boundary, Mosquito Creek, sixty miles; the west boundary, the foothills of the Rockies; the east boundary, the Little Bow River; making an area of eighty miles by sixty miles. All owners of cattle within these boundaries are in the Willow Creek district, and belong to the Willow Creek Association.

A captain is elected from among the foremen of the different ranches in the district. He fixes the day and place at which the camp will meet. Each cattle owner, in proportion to the number of his cattle, sends his quota of cowboys, and with each from five to seven horses, which are called his "string."

Every large company has its own outfit, consisting of two tents, one for the cook, the other for sleeping in. Owners of small bands club together. There will be six to eight different outfits on the round up, and more than as many tents; thirty to forty cowboys; from 150 to 200 horses, which are given in charge to two herders, one for the day and one for the night.

The cooks on the different outfits have breakfast ready by sunrise. The horses are brought in by the night herder, while the men are at breakfast, after which each man selects from the herd the horse of his string which he wants for the first ride of the day.

The captain details the riders in twos and threes to take a certain portion of country surrounding the camp, and drive together to a place selected for "holding." The "round up" camp is changed from place to place convenient to water as the cattle are rounded up, until all in the whole district are collected into one herd. Each owner then "cuts out" all cows with his brand having unbranded calves with them. Cows and calves are brought to a corral, where the hot iron stamps the brand of ownership, and when this process is finished the herd is again turned loose on the range.

When a cowboy says "cow" he uses the word as a generic term covering everything from a sucking calf to an old bull.

The round up on the Shonkin range being over, I begin, with my outfit, my first cattle drive for the year.

The word "drive" is a misnomer. Once headed in the direction of their journey, cattle should be allowed to *drift* rather than be urged. Feeding as they move, they will accomplish ten to twelve miles a day with but little exertion. In the hands of a capable foreman there is little or no loss in flesh or numbers.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CATTLE DRIVE.

The "round up"—Outfit described—"Drive" defined—From Muddy River to New Oxley—Taxed heavily to save going round—Saving the calves—The "bed ground"—Gambling forbidden—Pony racing—Shooting scrape—Impromptu race with police and cowboy—The latter escapes, but returns—Fording mountain rivers—A big herd swimming—An interesting sight.

WHILE I had been personally looking after the Bain cattle, the foreman of the Dupuyer ranch had been with the round up, gathering the cattle purchased by Mr. Hill last fall when we were on our way to Billings. The herds were 150 miles apart. They were got together on the Muddy River to the number of about 3,400 head, and we then started on the "drive" for New Oxley, a distance of 230 miles. I had now been over the trail between Fort Benton and Fort Macleod so many times since I came to the North-West that every mile was now quite familiar.

The cattle made from ten to twelve miles a day. There were mountain streams at short distances on the trail, and abundance of grass. We had to cross the South Piegan Indian reservation in Montana. The Indian agent charged us ten cents per head on the cattle for the privilege of driving across the reservation, giving us, however, the alternative, as he suggested, of "driving round." As the distance around was about four hundred miles, the Indian Agency was benefited $340.00. *How much the Indians were benefited by the transaction I would not give an opinion.*

We got to St. Mary's River, in Canadian territory, twelve miles north of the boundary line, on July 25th. The North-West Mounted Police had a detachment of three men at this outpost. They had to keep a lookout for fifty miles along the boundary line, report on all outgoing and incoming outfits, and especially keep a watch on whiskey smugglers.

I held the herd here two days to rest the young calves, of which we had a large increase on the drive. I had provided a large four-horse waggon for the purpose of taking up calves dropped on the trail. By this means I saved nearly all the increase on the drive. Calves born on long drives, especially when water is scarce, are killed or given away each morning on the drive, as their value would not compensate for the loss of time to the herd if kept waiting. Every morning on the drive there would be on the "bed ground" several calves born during the night.

I may explain here what a "bed ground" is and how the cowboy stands guard.

At sunset the day herders work the herd slowly towards the camp, and as the leaders feed along to the place selected for their night's rest, one (or more) of the boys rides out in front and stops them, until the whole herd gradually draws together in a compact body. The cattle soon begin to lie down, and in an hour probably the whole herd will be quietly resting, chewing their cuds.

The place where the cattle are held at night is called the "bed ground," and it is the duty of the day herders, who have cared for them all day, to have them on the bed ground and bedded down before dark, when the first night guard comes out and takes them off their hands.

There was such an abundance of grass and water where we camped that our herd was easily held.

There always will be amusement of some kind or other among the boys. Gambling is the principal diversion of the cowboy in Montana. This I had strictly forbidden. Other diversions less objectionable were indulged in. Sometimes a cow pony race would entertain the camp. As each man had seven horses in his string, he could select his fastest for a race. The Mexican pony is swift for a short dash, and the cowboy is usually under the impression that he has at least one race horse in his string. The races were usually 300 yards, 600 yards being the longest distance custom allows for a cow horse.

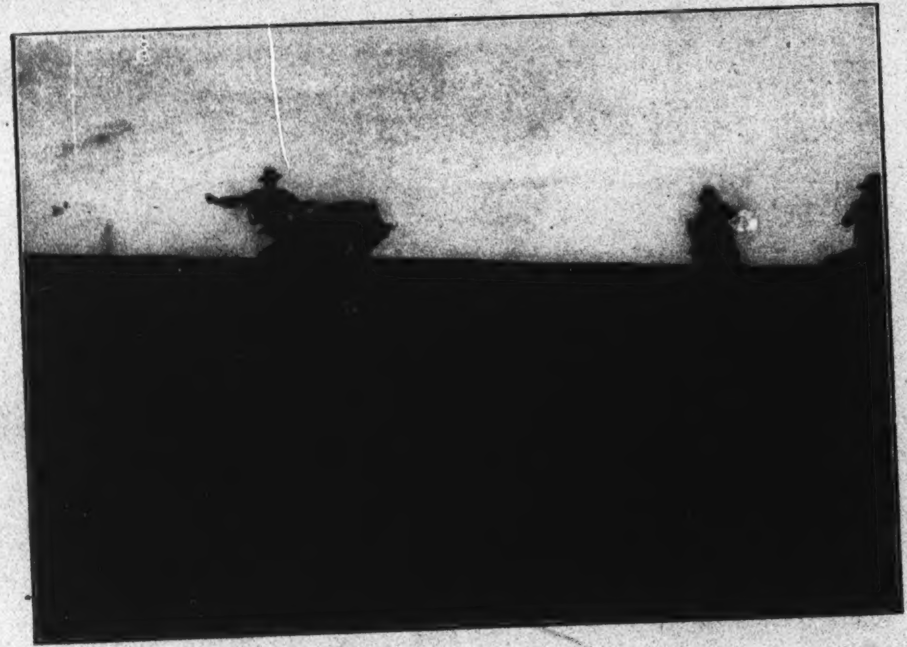
There was another cattle drive camped on the St. Mary's about two miles from us, and a race was on between one of my boys and one from the other camp —distance, 600 yards; stakes, five dollars a side. Each camp backed its own horse in sums varying from one to five dollars. The horses were faced in the opposite direction from the course they were to run. The signal to start was the discharge of a six-shooter. A dispute of some sort arose. One of my men, an old Montana cowboy named "Al," pulled his "gun" on one of the boys in the other camp.

The Mounted Police, who had their horses on picket close by, and were taking in the sport, attempted to arrest "Al," who mounted into his saddle in a moment and, while the police were getting to their horses, headed for the boundary line, twelve miles distant. Up from the river bottom the trail rises gradually for two miles. Al had half a mile start on his little cow pony, but the two policemen in hot pursuit were mounted on powerful grain-fed horses. The unexpected event of a race of this sort for twelve miles was entered upon without a moment's notice.

Al was running for liberty. Along the boundary line, towards which he was making, are erected mounds of boulders at from one to two miles distance apart. If he could reach one of these mounds before his pursuers he would be in United States territory and out of their jurisdiction. If caught there was a probability of at least a few months in the guard-room of the Mounted Police barracks at Macleod.

While we watched the horses and their riders fast disappearing in the cloud of dust, there was only one opinion on the result. Al took his first two miles, which were within sight of camp and up a pretty stiff grade, gently, while his pursuers went at it with a dash, using their spurs. They appeared almost up with Al before reaching the top.

"That's a good start for a half-mile dash on the



BRONCHO RIDING.

level, but it will make a weak home stretch at the end of the twelve mile race," said Hank Perks, my foreman.

Al made good his escape, and had got to the south side of the mound and dismounted when his pursuers rode up. He was under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, a few feet away from him the Police. They held a parley, but Al declined their invitation to accompany them north, though they assured him as they thought he had not done any serious harm he would get off easy. But as he was off altogether now he preferred taking no chances.

When the Police returned they brought a message that Al wished me to send the balance of wages due to him to Fort Benton. He had seventy-five miles of a ride before he would reach any place to get a meal. I was very sorry for his plight, and also to lose so good a man, especially as all our hardest work was before us.

The following day we forded the St. Mary's River. The mountain streams are highest in July and August, when the snow is melting in the mountains. They are then rapid torrents rushing down hill over the rocky beds all the way, and much too deep to ford.

Crossing a mixed herd of young cattle with cows and young calves safely during high water over any of the large rivers requires experience and skill. It was an interesting sight to see a herd of three or four thousand cattle swimming those rivers in high water. The greatest difficulty is overcome when the lead of the herd "takes the water" and strikes across. The drag end is now crowded up, cows with their young calves in the rear, the little fellows struggling nobly with their heads only in sight, at first with pleading "baas" as they strike into the ice-cold water, but which they soon give up when they find it requires all their wind for the effort. How close they keep their little heads to their mother's. The whole herd is crossing, strung out. Now the leaders are landing on the opposite shore, and a forest of heads and horns only is visible in the foaming waters. The current is gradually carrying the cattle with it, but the struggle is to follow the leaders. A safe place to land, allowing for the effect of the current, has been selected, otherwise there is great danger of losing cattle from their being carried down stream.

The moment they are over the steers and dry stock take quietly to grazing, but the cows are all excitement after their calves—eight hundred to nine hundred mothers bawling for their young ones and the same number of calves crying for their mothers has a rather disquieting effect. The cows soon find their own, and then peace and quietness are restored.

Two days after crossing the St. Mary's, and when about twenty-five miles from the Police detachment, my fugitive Al, from the horse-race, was riding along with the drive, seemingly unconscious of having been away. There was nothing by word or look from anyone in the camp, nor out of it, for that matter, to give the slightest hint of what had occurred. In fact he hadn't been away any farther than the boundary line. He had returned the same evening and rode north of us, but kept in communication with the night herders all the time, who supplied him with "grub," and he had his horse blanket to sleep on.

Things went on as usual. There was no detection, and as no real injury had been done to the fellow shot at, more than a slight flesh wound on the upper part of his arm, nothing more was said about the affair.

I was now in Canadian territory, and nearing home. When we crossed Lees Creek at that time no one thought of any settlers there, but now it is in the possession of the Mormons, thickly peopled, and with all the appearance of prosperity. We crossed the Blood Indian reservation between Lees Creek and Belly River, passed Stand Off, crossed the Kootenai River, thence to the Old Man River at Fort Macleod, and on to our destination, New Oxley, on Willow Creek, and the first "drive" was over.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD LATHOM AND MR. HILL, M.P., ARRIVE AT THE RANCH.

On American credit—A ranching pupil—Preparations—First visit to Calgary—A tenderfoot on the trail—Directors are pleased with the cattle—More cattle decided on—Money matters—Trip to Helena—Indian burial—A sham Lord Dunraven.

BEFORE turning the herd on the range the cows with calves were "cut out" of the herd and the calves branded. I then settled up with the men on the drive, giving cheques in payment on I. G. Baker & Co., although I had arranged for credit only until I got to Macleod, as I fully expected funds there waiting for me. In this I was disappointed. As I have already related, I was working on the credit given to me by the American trading firm of I. G. Baker & Co., both for money to pay for cattle and other expenses.

The mail coach between Calgary and Macleod made three trips a month, doing the one hundred miles in three days. The Oxley ranch was a resting place for the night and brought our mail. On the 11th of August I received a letter from Mr. Staveley

THE LATE EARL OF LATHOM.

Director of the Oxley Ranch, Limited.

(By permission of Elliott & Fry, London, Eng.)

Hill asking me to meet him and Lord Lathom at Calgary, August 30th.

A young lad from England came by the same coach with a letter of introduction, as a ranching pupil, from Mr. Staveley Hill. This young gentleman may be mentioned now and again in the history of the ranch. For the present it is sufficient to say that the first day he was put in the saddle he gave the cowboys advice as to how cattle should be managed, and instanced the way it was done in the "old country."

Meantime I set about preparing for Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill's arrival. Three four-horse teams and two yoke of oxen were sent to the timber hills, and on the 15th of August they returned with great loads of pine logs to build a house. One of the teams brought a very good flag-pole of white pine, clear and straight, and seventy-two feet long. It was erected for a flag to be run up in honor of the arrival of the directors of the company.

According to arrangement, I went to Calgary on the 28th of August to meet Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill, who came by the first through passenger train, and thus participated in the official opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Calgary. The train was crowded with nabobs from all lands, home and foreign.

This was my first visit to Calgary. I thought it the best situation for a town I had seen in the West. It is situated on the Big Bow where the Elbow River empties, and is in full view of the Rockies. It was at that time only a town done in canvas.

While here I brought two four-horse teams for provisions and baggage, a two-horse democrat, and a few saddle horses.

The party, with a Mr. Anson, were ready in the morning of August 30th to return with me to the ranch. A few miles out we overtook a "tenderfoot" raising a cloud of dust on the trail. He had two cayuses tied by their necks to the rear of the waggon, and two on the pole which he was flagellating vigorously to drive them on, but the effect produced frightened the bronchos in the rear and made them pull backwards. The result was a tug-of-war with varying success. He was bareheaded, and his brow was sweating, whether or not he was earning his bread. When I asked him if we could assist him, he replied, smilingly, "No, thanks very much. I think I can confine the exertions of these brutes to the trail. They have had me all over the prairie." He had been four hours making the three miles. The proprietor and driver of the outfit was a Captain Boynton, just going into ranching on Fish Creek. I met him frequently afterwards in Calgary, where he built an opera house after giving up ranching.

We crossed Fish Creek at John Glenn's, seven miles out, also Pine Creek, and Sheep Creek on the High River, where we camped. The Bishop of Saskatchewan was also camping there on his way to Calgary.

The following day we arrived at Oxley about four p.m. Mr. Hill in "Home to Home," page 315, says:

"We found all well there, and the house much improved by the addition of a piece at one end, at the northermost of which we had assisted last fall on our return from Snowy Camp.

"Saturday, September 1st, a mizzly morning. We prepared for a start through the rain. Craig had some good saddle horses broken for us. I rode a pretty chestnut mare which I christened 'Winona.' Lord Lathom rode a grey, and we started for our cattle camp. On our way we caught sight of several of the bands of horses which I had bought last year; we also came across about 2,000 head of our cattle all looking well."

Lord Lathom was much pleased with the quality of the cattle. He appeared agreeably surprised, and said: "These cattle are of very much better quality than I expected to see. They compare favorably with the cattle of England."

"We must get in some good short-horn bulls and improve them," said Mr. Hill.

Lord Lathom replied, "You can't improve them. If you keep them up to their present quality you will do well. You will have to be careful or they will retrograde."

Knowing that Lord Lathom was an excellent judge of cattle, I was pleased to hear him express so high an opinion of our range cattle, as I had in letters to the directors described these cattle as of a very superior quality.

It is also too true that the warning given by Lord Lathom not being sufficiently heeded, the cattle have since then deteriorated very much.

Lord Lathom, Mr. Hill, Mr. Anson and myself on horseback, with one of the cowboys following with a buckboard, took a two days' journey up Willow Creek, following very closely the same route which Mr. Hill and I had taken the previous year in the snow-storm.

Mr. Hill records our second night in camp in "Home to Home"—

> "We camped in a beautiful park-like ground which I had selected last year when riding with Kountz, and had christened "Lathom Park." There is an old whiskey-trader's shanty there, and the creek is very pretty, with plenty of trout in it, and on the south side a few big cotton-wood trees are dotted about the park-like enclosure. We skinned and plucked our ducks and some chickens, and had a capital camp."

After supper, while enjoying our pipes around the log fire, we had a talk about ranch matters. Lord Lathom asked me how many cattle could be run profitably on the range. I explained that ten thousand cost us no more to graze than five thousand. The additional cost in rounding up and branding would be comparatively trifling.

I was requested to find out where I could purchase four or five thousand cattle in Montana, and prepare for another drive next year. Mr. Hill and I both mentioned Kingsbury's and Lepley's herd, which comprised both the number and quality we needed. We had been at their ranch last year on our way to Billings, and had some talk with them about purchasing. If we could meet these men we might secure all the cattle we required in one more purchase.

I said: "I can write Kingsbury, but there will be no time for an answer."

Mr. Hill replied: "We will be in Helena, October 5th, and, if you can get them to meet us there, Lord Lathom and I can see about the purchase—can talk over matters with them."

I wrote to Kingsbury and Lepley by next mail, requesting them to meet Mr. Hill at Helena, October 5th, if they wished to sell their herds.

We continued our ride the next day, and towards evening came up to our last year's snow camp, which is described by Mr. Hill:

> "I put my horse across the stream, and found myself on the bank where we had so anxiously last year waded through the deep snow, and face to face with the blaze on the tree that we had made last year, and the inscription which I had written, when I scarcely knew if it might not rather prove our epitaph. There it was; hardly a letter effaced, and upon looking at it I could not but thank God that I had lived to see it again, and to know that all who had left it on that morning were alive and well. The grass had grown between the logs and where our tents had stood. All else was much the same. We pitched our tent on the bank above the little hollow where 'Snow Camp' was; and as we sat around our fire to dinner many were the tales and reminiscences of the snowed up travellers."

We returned to camp at New Oxley. I selected saddle and pack horses and two men to accompany Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill to the mountains, as they were going over into British Columbia, and then south, where they would strike the Northern Pacific, to meet in Helena.

During these preparations, while riding with Lord Lathom one day, and discussing ranch business, he said: "I am well pleased with the prospects of our ranch. Mr. Hill, no doubt, has informed you that we are now an incorporated company—the Oxley Ranch (Limited). The directors are myself and the Countess of Lathom, Staveley Hill and Mrs. Staveley Hill, George Baird and Mrs. George Baird, and my brother-in-law, Colonel Villiers."

I was gratified to hear that everything so far was satisfactory, and with a prospect of being one of the largest, if not the largest, cattle ranch in Alberta, and with such a distinguished board of directors.

I suggested to Mr. Hill that the accounts should be gone through, that I had promised a settlement with Messrs. I. G. Baker & Co. He replied that he thought it would be better to postpone going through the accounts until we met at Helena, Oct. 5th, as he thought it advisable for me to be there, when we would probably meet Mr. Kingsbury about the cattle.

I didn't see the necessity of putting off the settlement of our money matters until then, and I would have to drive over four hundred miles to do what might be as well done here in an hour at the ranch. Of course if we purchased Kingsbury's cattle, there would be subject for further deliberation; and Helena was decided on.

On Sept. 7th we drove to Stand Off. The Blood Indian reservation is across the river. Special notice was taken of the "dead lodges," in trees and on scaffolds, where the dead bodies of the Indians were laid. The missionary's wife, Mrs. Bourne, told us that "the reason for opposing burial in the earth is because the spirit of the departed cannot then come from and go back to the body, which it loves to visit for many months after it has parted from it; and, such is the force of their belief in that respect, that even those who profess Christianity, when they do bury in the earth, keep open a small hole at the corner of the grave down to the body, so that the intercourse between the corporate and incorporate may still be continued."

On Sunday, Sept. 9th, Lord Lathom, Mr. Hill, and two men, Charley Stevens and Dan McDonald, with pack-horses, started from Stand Off for their trip through the Kootenai country in British Columbia.

I returned to New Oxley and looked over the work going on until the 26th September, when I started on my drive with Charley, a span of horses and a buckboard, to keep my appointment at Helena, on October 5th.

There was nothing worthy of record on the journey. We got back to our old camping-ground on Dupuyer Creek, where Doc. Turner of skunk-oil fame was still "holding down" our ranch.

A new settler, Julian Bird, had located here, and started a general merchandise store and hotel, or stopping place, close to our ranch. Mr. Bird told me that Lord Dunraven had camped over night at his place a short time ago. He was on his way from Macleod to Helena.

I said: "You are surely mistaken. There has been no Lord Dunraven at Fort Macleod."

"Oh, I know this man was Lord Dunraven. He told me he had just come from the north—he had been in Macleod."

"How do you know it was Lord Dunraven?"

"He told me he was. He was a great big fellow. He had his servant with him, and he ordered him around just like a lord."

"What was the servant like?"

"He was a young Englishman, an awful talker. He did most of the talking until Lord Dunraven ordered him to go out to his tent and prepare his bed for turning in. When the servant went out he told me to pay no attention to his man, that he was a good fellow, but a little bit cracked."

From further information I found out that it was "Jumbo Martin" of the Quorn Ranch who personated Lord Dunraven, and young V——, whom I had met at Pincher Creek, the servant.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MEETING AT HELENA.

An abortive cattle deal—Financial matters—Lord Lathom interposes—An embarrassing telegram—Borrowing from "shop-keepers"—£100 with which to pay $16,000—Cattle ranching with the nobility and gentry illuminated by the facts.

I REACHED Helena October 4th, and met Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill, who had returned by the Northern Pacific from the West. Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Lepley had also come to meet us about the sale of their cattle in accordance with the letter I had written to them from New Oxley.

Mr. Hill said to me that he had seen Mr. Kingsbury, and he appeared anxious to sell his herd. "He has been giving me," he said, "figures about their branding and other particulars."

I replied, "He has come to meet you at Helena for that purpose. He expects to sell you his herd."

"We don't want to buy his cattle. How did he know we were to be here?" said Mr. Hill.

To say that this confounded me is putting it mildly. I had brought these men over three hundred miles by trail to meet Mr. Hill at his own request.

They had received my letter in time to get here, and to be coolly told that they were not wanted was embarrassing to me, as well as very unjust to Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Lepley, and the consequences would have been very unpleasant if they had heard what Mr. Hill had just told me.

I recalled to Mr. Hill the conversation we had in the camp on Willow Creek about purchasing more cattle, after discussing the subject over with Lord Lathom. I said, "You yourself mentioned Kingsbury's herd and asked me to write to him and Lepley to meet you here, if they wished to sell their cattle. They have driven over 300 miles for that purpose. What is the object of my coming here if not to assist in the purchase? It won't take over an hour to go over my accounts, which could have been done at New Oxley. Shall I tell Mr. Kingsbury that there is a misunderstanding, that you do not wish to buy any cattle?"

"No," said Mr. Hill, "it is not necessary. I will meet them and talk business over with them. They can submit the price of their herds to me and I will tell them, what is quite true, viz., that Lord Lathom and I will do nothing in the way of purchase until we consult with the other shareholders."

I arranged for a meeting to talk over the purchase. A statement was written out and given to Mr. Hill. He wanted time to consult with the other shareholders, which was granted, with the understanding that they would cable an answer at Mr. Kingsbury's expense after their arrival in England, as soon as they had come to a decision, as other purchasers were waiting.

I never heard that any cable or any other answer was sent by Mr. Hill.

After this interview was over Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill went over my accounts of the ranch, which were carefully examined, compared with vouchers, and found correct. Lord Lathom complimented me on the satisfactory form in which they were kept, especially as I had been on the cattle drive all the summer.

I showed him that the balance of fifteen thousand dollars was borrowed money. I had borrowed money this summer to carry us on, and the amount had been charged up against me personally.

"Who have you borrowed from?" asked Lord Lathom.

"From Messrs. I. G. Baker & Co.," I replied.

"Borrowing money from shop-keepers to carry on our ranching!" said Lord Lathom, in great surprise, and turning to Mr. Hill, he asked: "Have you kept Craig out here doing our business, buying cattle with money borrowed from shop-keepers?"

Mr. Hill looked at me with the utmost coolness and said, "Craig, you ought not to have done this. You should have let me know all about the business, and being out of funds."

I thought to myself that either Mr. Hill was taking leave of his senses, or I was losing mine. And I must have looked the personification of helpless and hopeless perplexity as I looked at Lord Lathom, who appeared greatly vexed, looking at Mr. Hill, who in turn eyed me calmly with a sort of reproving look for my neglect. The supposition that I had been borrowing money from "shop-keepers" in Montana, paying one per cent. a month interest to buy cattle for the company, without informing them of my being out of funds to carry out their instructions, was preposterous.

I was surprised and disconcerted for a moment. I soon recovered myself, however, and having my despatch bag with letter books in the room with me, produced them, and turning to copies of letters sent to Mr. Hill, began to read, when Lord Lathom interrupted, saying:

"Never mind, Craig, that is past. We have to meet what is before us." Then, turning to Mr. Hill, he asked what he proposed to do.

Mr. Hill replied: "When I get home I will send out what money is required."

Lord Lathom said: "That will not do. This money has to be paid here before we leave this town. If you can't get it for Craig, I will."

To add to the embarrassment a telegraph message was brought from I. G. Baker & Co., which read as follows:

"To Craig, Helena:

"Balance due us must be paid into our credit, First National Bank, Helena, to-morrow. Answer."

I handed the telegram to Mr. Hill, who read it and handed it back to me saying, "Answer it. It is addressed to you."

"What reply shall I send?"

Both Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill said, "We will get the money before we leave," and I answered to that effect.

It was now getting on in the day. Mr. Hill left us saying, "I will see some of the bankers here and provide the money." He returned in about an hour and told us that, "he had been over with the President of the Merchants' National Bank, and had arranged for the money required. It was now after banking hours, but I could get the money next day."

While waiting for Mr. Hill to negotiate with the bank, Lord Lathom said to me, "As soon as you get back to the ranch I want you to make an estimate of the probable outlay for the future six months, and add ten per cent. for unforeseen expenses, so that at the end of every six months your accounts will show a balance on hand to go on with. There must be no more borrowing. You cannot manage the ranch properly without sufficient money to carry it on. Write to me, 'Lathom House, Ormskirk.'"

I made the record in my diary at the time of Lord Lathom's request. I have with me yet some of the envelopes with his printed address which he gave me to use when writing to him.

During the evening Mr. Hirschfield, the banker where Mr. Hill had transacted his business, called at the hotel. I was introduced to him by Mr. Hill as the manager, who would be at the bank to get the money.

That night Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill took the eastward bound train for home.

I went to the bank in the morning and saw Mr. Hirschfield. Mr. Hill had given them a draft on himself for £100 sterling. I asked if Mr. Hill had arranged for any larger amount. "No," he replied, "Mr. Hill mentioned nothing more than the one hundred pounds."

The situation may be termed without exaggeration one of financial embarrassment." The creditors in Montana I had to meet. What should I say to them? Should I tell them of the scene with Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill?—that they left me saying they had provided the money,—and what I found when I went to the bank the next morning to pay off sixteen thousand dollars of borrowed money? *Again, did Lord Lathom know of the deception? Well, if he did not know at the time, he knew afterwards.*

This is an experience in cattle ranching with the nobility and gentry. *These are the facts. Comment is superfluous. The facts illuminate themselves.*

CHAPTER XX.

THE FAMILY RE-UNION.

From Brampton, Ontario—We meet at Winnipeg—A bad experience at Moose Jaw—"Moose Jaw hash"—The C.P.R. does the right thing—Financial relief from an unexpected quarter—Home life on the ranch.

WHEN I came out to the North-West I left my wife and four children at our home in Brampton, Ontario. Their coming depended on how I found the country for cattle ranching, and the prospects of settlement. There were very few families in the country; but when it was determined to go on with ranching, I provided for their coming to live with me.

If I had had the experience of the past four days a few months earlier my wife and children would not have seen the North-West; at any rate they would not have been associated with the Oxley ranch. However, they were now on their way, and would be in Calgary by the 20th of October. I had 500 miles to travel by trail to get there. Seeing that it was very doubtful whether I would make it in time to meet them, I sent Charley back to New Oxley with the horses and buckboard. He was known at the ranch as "Buckboard Charley," to discriminate between him and another Charley.

I went by the Northern Pacific and around to Winnipeg, where I met Mrs. Craig and the children, who had since I left them, fifteen months before, looked forward to meeting me again, and seeing the Rocky Mountains, as one of the greatest events of their lives.

The Canadian Pacific Railway at that time ran trains no farther than Calgary. When we got to Moose Jaw at three o'clock on a frosty morning, the first-class coaches were taken off the train, and all passengers going on had to continue their journey in the second-class cars. Leaving the comfortable compartments of a Pullman at three o'clock on a very cold morning is a disagreeable and trying experience to grown people, but to children it is absolute cruelty when there is no proper accommodation provided.

We changed into a second-class car which was so crowded with railroad navvies that there was not a vacant seat, and so full of tobacco smoke and foul air that it was unfit for a family to stay in. The effect of a few minutes in the loathsome place showed me that it was inhuman to continue our journey on that train. We got out of it and into the station room. When daylight came I hunted up a hotel and got my charge made as comfortable as I could under the circumstances. They were warmed and fed, though the menu consisted of hash three times a day. Here we remained two days.

For a long time after this journey the children had no stronger term of disapproval for any article of food they did not like than to call it "Moose Jaw hash."

It was no doubt owing to the fact that ladies and children were not expected to travel so far west so late in the year, and so early in the construction of the road, that there was no better provision for travel west of Moose Jaw. After a few telegrams to Mr. Robert Kerr, the passenger superintendent, the third morning of our stay, he very kindly ordered a car on the train which had a whole centre compartment, with every convenience for our exclusive use the rest of the journey, which we made very comfortably to Calgary, where we were met by the teams to take us to the ranch, seventy-five miles by trail.

Captain Stewart, of Pincher Creek, was in Calgary at that time. He owned most of the first town site when it was east of the Elbow River, which he had surveyed into town lots. People were buying cautiously, waiting for the location of the C. P. R. Station.

The Captain confidentially informed me that he intended to tender for the Indian beef contracts for all the agencies for the coming fiscal year. This information, I saw, might be used to our advantage. The cattle would not be required before next July—eight months hence.

The position Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill had left me in was most embarrassing. I was considering the best course to take when I got back to the ranch, and here on the way home relief was within a measurable distance from a very unexpected quarter.

Captain Stewart wanted to enter into an agreement for the purchase of 250 steers, payment to be made on delivery next July—eight months hence. I sold him 250 steers at $60 each; total $15,000; cash to be deposited with our creditors, I. G. Baker & Co., within thirty days.

Cash on delivery is usually considered satisfactory to the seller, but cash down half a year before the delivery of the goods, and the highest market price, is very unusual; but it suited the circumstances of the Oxley Ranch, Limited, at the time. The borrowed money was thus nearly paid up.

This unexpected relief was in my opinion ultimately an injury, although there would have been painful and disagreeable results if I had not met Captain Stewart at Calgary. Yet in the end it would have been more wholesome for the company, as will be shown in the transactions of the next year or two.

We arrived safely at the ranch—myself and wife, with our four children, Clara, Fred, Margaret and Ethel. Our log house with three rooms we found nearly completed.

The novelty of the life greatly counteracted the loneliness of the situation. Although there were no neighbors, and the nearest village was thirty miles distant, and neither church, school nor post-office, I do not think there was ever a feeling of loneliness with the children. They had their little school where Clara gave daily lessons. The long winter evenings were very pleasantly spent in reading, music and little games. In fine weather they were in the saddle during some part of the day. Although deprived of the public ordinances of God's house, Sabbath was always kept as a day of rest. We had our family Bible readings and Sunday school.

Each one had his or her little round of duties. Clara took charge of the self-registering thermometer, and kept a daily record of the maximum and minimum readings for the winter months.

These reminiscences of our children are very precious to us now that they are gone from us.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMPANY DECIDES TO PURCHASE CATTLE ON CREDIT.

A balance on hand—Letter from Mr. Hill, M.P.—A code and a carefully studied plan—$30,600 cow bought by Earl Lathom.

NOTHING of special moment happened during the winter of '83-'84. Other sales of cattle were made all debts were paid off, and there was a balance on hand to go on with. We had a good herd of over 3,000 cattle, and 300 horses, with 200,000 acres of land under lease at one cent per acre per annum, but with the rent not paid. In fact this rent was not paid for some years after. One of the leases was to be known as the Lathom Ranch, as it was to be kept in his name.

The spring round up of cattle had just commenced when I received a letter from Mr. Hill.

13 KINGS BENCH WALK, TEMPLE, LONDON.
May 12th, 1884.

DEAR CRAIG,—In continuance of my letter to you of May 6th, acknowledging yours of March 8th and 31st, we think the time has certainly come when we should increase the number of our cattle, and we are

I. G. BAKER & CO.'S BULL TEAMS LEAVING LETHBRIDGE WITH HAY WAGGONS.

prepared to do so if it can be done at a price which will give us our profit by an immediate sale of steers, and the increase of the breeding capabilities of our herd.

Payment then will be required, a draft at three months for the ten per cent. deposit, or it may be they would require a more prompt payment of the deposit. I should, of course, prefer so to arrange the payments as to give us the opportunity of seeing some of the money coming in from the sale of the dry cattle.

I should like you to see after this purchase at once, as we must get the cattle on the range in the early part of August, at the latest, even earlier if we could safely.

I should like you to take young L—— with you to look over the cattle to accustom his eye to the value of cattle, and as a quick fellow to ride back with instructions for men and waggons for the drive as required.

I enclose code, which you can cable if you wish an early reply.

Ever yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Alex. Staveley Hill.

The following code enclosed:

Offer.	I have bought Davenport's herd.
Gift.	I have bought a herd.
Soft.	They number 1000, this year's increase thrown in.
Hard.	" " 1250, " " " " "
Light.	" " 1500, " " " " "
Heavy.	" " 2000, " " " " "
Sharp.	" " 2250, " " " " "
Dull.	" " 2500, " " " " "
Wet.	" " 2750, " " " " "
Fine.	" " 3000, " " " " "
Cold.	" " 3250, " " " " "
Hot.	" " 3500, " " " " "
Warm.	" " 3750, " " " " "
Wit.	" " 4000, " " " " "

The total cost in tens of thousands of dollars, thus—

Eight— eighty thousand.
Nine— ninety thousand.
Ten— one hundred thousand.
Eleven— one hundred and ten thousand.
Fourteen—one hundred and forty thousand.

If the figure is above one of these ten, but not up to the next, add "Th," thus:

Eighth—$88,000 or sum over $80,000, but under $90,000.
Tenth— $105,000 or sum over $100,000, but under $110,000.
North— I have drawn on you for deposit one month after sight.
South— " " " " two months " "
East— " " " " three months " "

The reader will see here a well-studied plan—everything prepared for me to buy cattle on credit.

I wanted to have 4,000 more cattle on the range; the profits would be much greater in proportion with 8,000 head than with our present number, 4,000.

I was fully persuaded that there was no lack of capital among the directors. I remembered the Earl of Lathom purchasing one cow for thirty thousand six hundred dollars at a short-horn sale in New York State. Why they wanted to buy on credit so far from home in a foreign country I could not understand. It was not the custom to ask the people of Montana to sell their cattle on credit and drive them out of their territory 250 miles into another country. It was something I did not wish to undertake. However, the directors of the company appeared to think it the proper way to do business, and I decided to make the effort.

CHAPTER XXII.

PURCHASING ON CREDIT RESULTS IN TROUBLE AND LOSS.

Negotiating for cattle in Montana—I obtain 2,600 head on terms—Deposit not forthcoming—Cattle held by sheriff—Disgraceful delays—Creditor perishes in a snow-storm—Indignation—Action at law—A curious defence.

WITH Mr. Staveley Hill's letter of instructions as my authority I went to Montana over the old well-known trail to Dupuyer Creek, on to Choteau, and thence to the round up on the Teton, a distance of 250 miles. I could buy the number of cattle wanted, but the terms I had to buy on would not be accepted. "No," the Montana cattle men said, "it is not business. When cattle are sold on the range it is always for cash, and to sell to outsiders and to drive the cattle 250 miles clear out of the country without paying for them, is asking too much."

I drove into Fort Benton, seventy miles, and sent the following cablegram to Mr. Hill, managing-director:

"June 23rd, 1884.

"Can buy 4,000 cattle, including steers and counting spring calves, for $33 cash. Sellers will not accept time drafts. If you desire to purchase, cable money to National Park Bank, New York, for credit of I. G. Baker & Company. Answer."

I waited in Benton five days. The message could have been answered inside of two days. No notice was taken of it.

As the object of my visit to the round up in Montana was well known among the ranchers, I did not wish to return without accomplishing what I came for. By the company not answering my cable, I concluded I must purchase in the terms of the letter or not at all.

By showing my letter of instructions, and not forgetting to point out the high position of some of the directors—an Earl, a Countess, a brother-in-law of the Earl of Lathom, with the managing-director, Mr. Staveley Hill, a member of the British Parliament—as well as the fact that our ranch was now established with a very considerable capital, I persuaded three young men to sell me their herds on the terms of the letter sent by Mr. Hill.

Frank Farmer.............	400 cattle	$12,000
E. D. Hastie...............	850 "	25,000
William Ralston...........	1,350 "	43,000
		$80,000

Agreements were drawn up June 30th.

I gave the men drafts on Mr. Staveley Hill, Wolverhampton, England, Managing Director of the Oxley Ranch Company, for 8 per cent. of the whole sum payable at sight, and the remainder in sixty and ninety days—better terms than his letter asked for.

This being settled, I left our Dupuyer foreman in charge until the round up was completed, when he would bring the herd up to the Oxley Ranch in Alberta.

I then hurried home to New Oxley, where our own round up was well advanced. About the time when I expected to hear that my late purchase in Montana was on the way, one of our cowboys from the Montana round up came with a message to me from our foreman, to come over immediately, as the sheriff was holding all our cattle, refusing to allow him to proceed on the drive. The three men, Ralston, Hastie and Farmer, asked him to send for me at once, as there was trouble about money matters.

I returned to Montana, making the 220 miles in two days and nights, and found the sheriff in charge of the whole herd.

The 2,600 head of cattle purchased from Ralston, Hastie and Farmer were collected, with 900 of our last year's purchase, in Montana—3,500 cattle under seizure by the sheriff in consequence of Mr. Hill not paying the small percentage of 8 per cent. of the whole amount when presented to him. The men who sold me the cattle, therefore, took the necessary steps to set the sale aside and seize the cattle.

The foreman, the cowboys and their horses, and all the cattle were under the sheriff's direction until I returned. There was a general suspicion among the Montana ranchers that I was attempting sharp practice and scheming to get cattle out of the country without paying for them.

The cowboys made their own comments, which were anything but favorable. The foreman, who remained loyal to me, said that even if I did get matters satisfactorily settled with Ralston, Hastie and Farmer, I would have to satisfy the men on the drive that their wages would be secure before they would remain with me; but he did not think for a moment that I would get the cattle until they were paid for in full; and from what I heard I concluded they were going to hold the Oxley cattle until they were fully paid for.

I got the cowboys together and gave such explanation as satisfied them. They were growing tired of remaining so long in comparative idleness. I promised them that as soon as I could get to the telegraph office at Fort Benton, 120 miles away, all difficulties would be removed.

The story of the Earl of Lathom's purchase of a cow for $30,600 had been discussed in camp. Some of the boys were skeptical. While we were good naturedly talking over our situation one of them said, "A story has been sprung on us here, Mr. Craig, that one of your company, a nobleman, gave $30,600 for one cow. Now, I've made a small bet that it ain't true, and we are to leave it to you. I say it is a 'josh.'"

I assured him that the report was true, and also gave him and the cowboys present the particulars. The name of the cow was "First Duchess of Oneida," three years old, sold at a short-horn sale at New York Mills, Oneida Co., N. Y. State, in September, 1873, purchased by Lord Lathom for $30,600. The dam of this cow was sold at the same sale for $40,600 to an English gentleman.

"What a pity when one of your directors can afford to pay so much for just one cow that they should keep us poor devils on the Muddy holding a herd of over 3,000 good cattle all this time, in the month of August, the worst fly time, because they won't or they can't loosen up a few thousand dollars on the first payment," said one of the men.

"Yes," said another, "if that draft, which didn't amount to much over $2.00 a head, had been met this herd would have been through the drive, and turned loose on the New Oxley range by this time. Why, the cost and loss of holding this herd will come to more than the amount of the draft."

It was evident the men in camp were well posted about the whole business, and from rumors which reached me I learned that it was the general opinion that I was acting without authority. To put myself right with my cowboys I gave them Mr. Hill's letter to read.

"Hank," who brought me the message to New Oxley, when reading where Mr. Hill says, "I would like you to take young L—— with you to look over the cattle, to accustom his eye to the value of cattle, and as a quick fellow to ride back with instructions for men and waggons for the drive as required," remarked, "Your managing director, Mr. Hill, is quite a shrewd, far-seeing gentleman. When he wrote your order to buy cattle he had in his mind the necessity for an active fellow to make quick rides.

Since you have bought these cattle there have been more long fast rides about them than I have ever heard tell of in as short a time. Why, it's like carrying war despatches. There is that ride up to you to tell you the sheriff was holding us, 420 miles. I rode light, only touched the ground in high places. Other rides, four times into Fort Benton and out about telegraphs, making 800 miles, to hear from Mr. Hill, and we haven't started on the drive yet. I guess his active young man will have his eye pretty well accustomed to this herd by that time."

Young L——, Mr. Hill's friend, the ranch pupil, who was in camp, had very little to say. I was told by my foreman that L—— had stated in my absence that it must be altogether my fault that the money was not sent. "Noblemen and gentlemen of England would never act in such a disgraceful manner. If they sent me to buy cattle for them they would pay promptly." I found it necessary to make the cowboys as well as the ranchers in Montana acquainted with the contents of Mr. Hill's letter.

I left camp and drove to Choteau, where I met the three men who had sold me their cattle. They were embittered against me. They said it was incredible that a responsible company would send an agent to purchase cattle on the terms stated in the letter, and not meet those small first payments.

I showed them Mr. Hill's letter. They doubted its genuineness. I persuaded them to accompany me to Fort Benton. I cabled Mr. Hill again and got answer that the money was cabled over—the first

CORRALLED.

small draft of eight per cent. of the whole. This disposed of their doubt about my authority, but what about future payments? They had only received $6,500 on a sale of $80,000, and that with an incredible amount of difficulty and expense.

When they discovered that the first payment was not forthcoming they took legal proceedings to set the agreement aside, and their last action was still in force. I persuaded them to let the cattle go. We went to an attorney in Fort Benton and had new agreements made, August 26th, which restored the original agreement of June 30th. The herd was started on the drive after a detention of thirty-one days by the sheriff, owing to the failure of the company to meet a small draft of eight per cent. of the payment.

This miserable business being finished, the cattle were started on the drive for the Oxley ranch in Alberta. It was no small relief to a herd of 3,100 cattle (they had been reduced by about 500 by stampedes and straying out while being held) to get away from the tramped out limits under the sheriff's charge. The cowboys were gratified with the change. The chances of my getting the cattle had been so doubtful that some bets had been made on the result. The affair was one of public notoriety throughout Montana and the North-West.

When taking leave of Ralston, Hastie and Farmer they assured me that they in no way blamed me for their trouble; adding that I was taking with me all they were worth in the world, and if any trouble should arise in getting their drafts paid they would look to me to stand by them. I assured them that if I anticipated anything of the kind I would turn the cattle over to them then and there. I said that with directors of such high standing, financially and socially, there could be no possibility of not getting their drafts paid promptly on maturity, but subsequent events showed me that I was greatly out in my opinion of the nobility and gentry.

These young men who sold me their cattle had months of anxiety and trouble and difficulty before they received their money. In February, six months after their cattle were delivered over to me, one of them, Mr. Frank Farmer, despairing of ever getting his money, left his home in Montana for our ranch to see me about it. He was overtaken in a snowstorm and perished. His body was found in a snowbank one hundred yards from the trail. He had purposed going east when paid for his cattle, which would have been in the first week of October, had the company met the drafts. There was great indignation against the company, whose action or inaction had led to the fatal result. When were these men paid these drafts? Ralston and Hastie were paid the following May. The Oxley Ranch, Limited, kept them out of their money until they were sued in the court at Macleod—ten months after the cattle were sold. Then their lawyer set up a defence—I presume from instructions—that, as the letter authorizing me to purchase had not the seal of the company, I had no legal authority to purchase. I refused to join in the defence. The plaintiffs got judgment and execution, and all the Oxley Ranch property was advertised for sale. Money was cabled over in time to prevent the sale. Frank Farmer's heirs were paid after the sheriff had seized and sold the following August, fourteen months after the purchase. But I am anticipating.

The herd was started from Montana, September 1st, and arrived at our ranch on the 20th. When Mr. Hill wrote, "I should like you to see after this purchase at once, as we must get the cattle on the range in the early part of August at the latest, even earlier if we could safely," his advice was good, but his subsequent action was less commendable.

I left the herd with the foreman, and went on to New Oxley. The news of our trouble in Montana had preceded me, and was spread throughout Alberta. It lost nothing by the way. Some said the company was bankrupt through the failure of one of the principal directors. Others that the whole trouble originated through my purchasing without authority. The latter opinion prevailed. To those with whom I thought it worth while to put myself right I showed my authority, but gave no further particulars.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR ON DECK AGAIN.

Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., and Mrs. Inderwick—Photographing Sarcee Indians—Red men stampede from the piano—Captain Boynton again—Mr. Hill arrives in Calgary—More peculiar financing—Impatient cowboys—Reflections by the way—Mr. Hill leaves for England.

I DROVE to Calgary on the 14th September to meet Mr. Hill, the managing director, who was expected to arrive by the Canadian Pacific Railway. While waiting there I met Mr. C. Inderwick, Q.C., M.P., from England, and Mrs. Inderwick, who were returning from a visit to their ranch in the Porcupine Hills. We drove out to the Sarcee Indian agency, seven miles from Calgary.

These Indians were the least civilized of any in the North-West Territories. They numbered, inclusive of outposts, 900. Their chief was Bull's Head. Mr. Inderwick made an attempt to photograph a group which had assembled around us. Before taking their position for the picture they held out for a "tip." The Indian invariably expects to be paid for anything the white man asks him to do, even when for his own benefit. Of this I give an instance at our ranch. An Indian wanted to get his axe sharpened on our grindstone. One of the men held the axe while the Indian turned the crank, and the Indian demanded pay for his part of the work to get his own axe sharpened. Pay was, of course, refused, and he appeared to think he was imposed on. In an effort made by the United States Government to educate the captive Apaches, one of the officials of a Government school approached the chief Geronimo with a request that he attend the daily classes. The great warrior reflected for a moment, and then replied: "Me go for two dollars an hour." Who can say that the commercial instincts of the Indian are not capable of development.

When a sufficient number had been placed in position at a cost of about a shilling or so a head, and Mr. Inderwick was just on the point of taking the group, old Bull's Head, the chief, who had been quietly watching the performance close by, gave an exclamation of some sort, when the whole group instantly stampeded. The agent told us that it was very difficult to get the Indian to have his photograph taken. It was "bad medicine."

We do not quite understand the likes and dislikes of these Indians of the plains. The beating of the tom-tom, a skin stretched over a sieve-like frame, accompanied with a weird monotone, is a favorite "music" with them.

There were some Piegan Indians journeying north, who camped near our house. One of my daughters thought it would be nice to interest them somewhat, and while several of them were in the room, some squatting on the floor and all silently observing what was around, she began to play on the piano. No sooner had she begun, however, than they stampeded out of the house with such a rush that they fell over each other through the doorway. They had never heard or seen anything of the kind before. They didn't wait to consider, they thought it was "bad medicine." The would-be entertainer was often jocosely reminded by her younger sisters of the effect of her playing upon her Indian audience. The man who wrote "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," was not informed regarding the musical capacity of the North-West Indian at that time. Civilization, however, has effected a very great change in this respect. Singing is now taught at the Indian Industrial schools, while at High River there is a very good brass band composed solely of young Indian lads.

While at Calgary on this occasion we also met Captain Boynton, whose attempt at "broncho busting" in a dead-axe wagon we had witnessed the year previous. He had tired of ranch life and had built an opera house in Calgary. He was now one of the leading spirits of the new town, and one of the most enterprising of its pioneer settlers.

It was sundown on one of those clear calm evenings we get in Alberta. When we brought chairs to the sidewalk on the street fronting the railway station, as there were very few people passing, the

Captain joined us and asked me, in an aside, if I thought Mr. Inderwick and Mrs. Inderwick would like a good song—a good old English song. I ventured the opinion that they would be delighted; but they would speak for themselves. Mr. Inderwick said he liked to hear a good song any time, but we never imagined that there was any intention of giving a song just then on the street. Without further ceremony the gallant Captain, who was dressed in a Newmarket coat reaching almost to the heels, arose, and with a wave of his hand and a bow to an imaginary audience in the street, announced that he would treat us to that grand old song, "Drink, Puppy, Drink." Then and there he sang, and with a good voice. Before the first verse was completed there was a rush of people round the corner from the main street. In a few minutes there was an audience by no means imaginary. I was surprised at the unexpected entertainment on the street. The eminent Q. C. was as composed as the great Sphinx of Gizeh. Mrs. Inderwick, while amused, contained herself with commendable gravity. The song and applause over, we were invited to visit the new opera house, known as Boynton Hall, where he showed us all the latest improvements for scene shifting.

The following day, September 18th, Mr. Hill arrived. He was very anxious to get to the ranch, if possible, that night—75 miles by trail. It was then about 3 p.m. I supposed his great hurry was to get to the ranch to supply money to pay importunate creditors and the men working at the ranch who were promised their wages when he arrived, as I had written to him fully about our trouble in Montana and the money owing for wages and improvements. I told him there were three claims in Calgary for supplies to the ranch amounting to $803. Writs for them had been issued against the company.

Mr. Hill said, "I can't stay to attend to these claims now."

I asked him if he had received the letter and telegrams I sent to him care of McArthur, Boyle & Campbell at Winnipeg, on his way here, and he replied that he had.

"Then you know," I said, "from that letter and the telegrams that we are sued, and that I have got a stay of proceedings on the promise to settle when you arrive?"

"They will have to wait a few days," said Mr. Hill. "Get the horses ready and let us be going."

"As sure as we leave Calgary without settling or making some arrangement, the sheriff will be at the ranch the next day."

"Who am I to see about the matter? Bring me to him at once."

I brought him to the office of Henry Bleeker, barrister.

Mr. Hill said, "My manager has just informed me that he is owing for purchases for the ranch, and that you have the accounts. How much do they amount to?"

"The claims with costs amount to $803," said Mr Bleeker.

"I will have to give you a cheque on my bank in Wolverhampton. It is unfortunate you have such poor banking accommodation here, and it is only on my arrival I knew of this. Mr. Craig has been away, and mails are so irregular." Thereupon he gave Mr. Bleeker a cheque on his bank for £167 5s. 3d.

Mr. Hill was now on his way to the ranch knowing there were the cowboys to pay for their summer's work, and who were waiting for his arrival for their money. Full information had been sent to him before he left England. After my experience with him and Lord Lathom at Helena, and the trouble with the small payment on the cattle now arriving from Montana, I thought, surely we had had enough of it, and our business would be conducted without any further repetition of the disreputable experience of the past. As we drove the seventy-five miles to the ranch these thoughts would come up; but Mr. Hill's cheerful manner, as he talked of the cattle coming in, the prospects of the ranch, etc., disarmed all suspicion of there being any necessity to anticipate further trouble about money matters.

We reached New Oxley the 20th of September just in time to see my late purchases arriving from Montana, instead of "the early part of August at the latest, or even earlier if we could safely" as the letter of instructions stated; yet Mr. Hill never once referred to the delay, nor the cause of it. He remained at the ranch until the 10th of October, and took an active part in the work, making himself very friendly and agreeable with the cowboys. He also took several excellent views of the ranch. One of them was a particularly good one called, "Autumn Round Up, Cutting Out the Steers," and another was taken of himself on horseback and entitled, "An M. P. with a Fairly Safe Seat." These, with "The Cow Camp" and other views, and a photo taken the year previous, entitled, "Lords and Commons," were all illustrated in *The London Graphic*, July 24th, 1886. It was "Lords and Commons" that suggested the title of this narrative.

The whole herd and outfit were seized by the sheriff in May, 1885, before another round up, to satisfy the judgment of the men who sold us the cattle Mr. Hill had photographed for publication. He was so interested in the round up that he had no time to attend to the payment of large sums of money we owed in Macleod, and for which we were paying one per cent. a month interest. When I told him I had promised payment on his arrival at the New Oxley I could get no satisfactory answer. He wanted to see a sale of the beef steers immediately, but never hinted that it was from the proceeds of these sales I had to look for money. I was driving between Macleod and Calgary and the cow camp most of the time he was with us—twenty-five days—endeavoring to keep the creditors quiet, and to dispose of the beef cattle. There were the men at the ranch all summer who had not been paid their wages. I told Mr. Hill we were keeping more men than we needed, and their wages were going on. His reply was, "Provide work for them. I will settle with them when we go to Macleod."

When the round up was over Mr. Hill came into Macleod with some of the cowboys who came up from Montana on the cattle drive. Mr. Black, our book-keeper, made up their time all ready for payment. Mr. Hill said to me: "You will have to get money to pay these men." I now saw that Mr. Hill had come out to the ranch knowing that we were owing large sums, and yet had brought no money, not even enough to pay off a few of the cowboys, who had been hired specially for the late drive. I was astonished and perplexed at his effrontery in asking me to borrow more money from our creditors, after I had tried their patience to the utmost in getting them to wait until his arrival. However, I got money to pay off some of the most impatient, but not enough to pay all those who came in.

It was getting late one night, and Mr. Hill, our book-keeper (Mr. Black) and myself were sitting in a log shack in Macleod with the accounts of a few cowboys' wages, amounting to $185, before us, and we could not raise the money to pay them. I thought I had paid off the most boisterous, but there was considerable life left in those unpaid, as we found out near midnight when the cowboys came to the door with loud knocks and denunciations, and asked why we had brought them there, and if we were going to pay them that night?

I went out and persuaded them to keep quiet a little longer, but I really did not know what would turn up next.

When I returned Mr. Hill took a spell at denouncing the country and place that had no banking facilities.

Then came another knock, still more violent. We thought they would break in the door.

"What is to be done?" said Mr. Hill, in desperation.

Now, our book-keeper was also agent for the Stewart Stage Line between Macleod and Calgary, which also did an express business, carrying money and parcels. He had a package of $250, his own personal remittance, which he was sending to Calgary. In our extremity Mr. Black explained to Mr. Hill the situation, that this parcel was in his safe, and he was sending it by the next coach to Calgary. He could take out of it enough to settle with these men if Mr. Hill would replace it there without fail when he went to Calgary, which would be inside of three days.

Mr. Hill jumped at the offer, with a reprimand that this money should be available all this time when we were in such straits and yet not be mentioned. And this was the means by which we were enabled to settle up with the impatient cowboys. Mr Hill said, "I will keep what is left of the $250, and give you a cheque for the whole amount." Mr. Black replied, "That will answer if you will pay it in at the office at Calgary on your arrival, which you say will be inside of three days." Mr. Hill put the rest of the money in his pocket, and took out his cheque book and gave Mr. Black a cheque on his Bank in Wolverhampton for the $250. This money was paid to Mr. Black ten months after; but Mr. Black had to make up the money the following day.

STEWART STAGE-COACH LEAVING OLD FORT MACLEOD FOR CALGARY, 1883.

It was now past midnight and very dark. The Old Man river was booming, too high to ford. Mr. Hill wanted the horses to start for the ranch.

I said: "It is impossible to go now, we will have to wait for the ferry boat in the morning."

"I would rather risk the river than risk remaining in this place all night," Mr. Hill replied.

We had some creditors in Macleod, and one storekeeper to whom we owed a very large amount. However, we got our blankets and rolled in for the remainder of the night.

The next morning we crossed the river, which was very high and rapid. Mr. Hill was rowed over first. He sat on the opposite bank while the waggon was taken apart and brought over in parts. The wheels, making one load, were upset in the river, fortunately only a few yards from the shore. They were got out with grappling irons after considerable difficulty. I mounted one of the horses and swam him across. The waggon being soon got together, we drove to the camp and met some of the cowboys, who were holding the steers we had for sale, and which we intended to send to Medicine Hat.

The following day I drove Mr. Hill to Calgary to take his departure for England. During his visit to the ranch he had done nothing towards paying any of the creditors who had been waiting for his arrival. The only claims paid were settled in the way I have related.

On our drive to Calgary, thinking over the situation, I asked Mr. Hill when I would get money to settle up our affairs.

He replied: "As soon as I get to Winnipeg."

"The fact is," I thought in my heart, "there is no depending on his word. He is the Managing Director of the Oxley Ranch Company. The other Directors, the Earl of Lathom, Mr. Baird and Colonel Villiers are reputed wealthy. What end have they in view in keeping the affairs of the ranch in this predicament? But I will offer no opinion now. We are not out of the woods yet." These were my thoughts at the time.

Mr. Hill frequently emphasized the importance of the sale of the beef cattle we had cut out to sell. Now, as nearly all of the cattle to be sold were from the herds I had recently purchased, and paid for in drafts on himself, which were now past due (they had been sent to England), I asked him most particularly if he had made provision for the payment before he left England. He assured me that they would be met promptly.

I saw Mr. Hill off at Calgary railway station for England. He assured me that when he got to Winnipeg he would arrange with a bank to transmit to me all the money necessary to pay any claims against us, as well as all overdue wages.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STANDING OFF CREDITORS.

More wages trouble—Mr. Hill's ingenuity—Unpaid for cattle sold to meet pressing liabilities—Fruitless appeal to the Earl of Lathom—Letter from Mr. Hill—A subterfuge—Montana creditors pressing—Mr. Hill stands them off—Letter from the creditor who perished.

I RETURNED to New Oxley, where the cowboys and men who had worked on the buildings were expecting me. One to whom we owed a large amount on contract work said, "I suppose you can settle up with me to-day."

"No, Dan, I can't settle with anybody. Mr. Hill has promised to send money to pay the men when he gets to Winnipeg. You, with all the rest here, will have to wait."

"Well, I'll be ——! I asked Mr. Hill when he was here when I would get my pay, and he told me to look to you for it. He said you were the manager, that it is your fault that I have not been paid, and if he had known there was wages due to me he would most certainly not have come without money, and when he got to Calgary he would send the money back with you."

Every man in camp had been told the same story, and they believed it. Why should they doubt Mr. Hill's plausible statement to them that he would not have thought of coming out without money to pay the wages if he had known there was money due them?

Dan, a Scotchman and "old timer," was one of the men who accompanied Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill the year before through the Kootenai country. (The trip is described in "From Home to Home.") It never entered his head to doubt Mr. Hill's veracity. All the men on the ranch had the same opinion. I saw now through Mr. Hill's singular conduct during the round up while he was with us in keeping me on the road away from the men as much as possible while he was at the ranch. He had deliberately put the blame of the want of money on me, and so arranged my time while with us that there was no opportunity for the men to get at the truth. In fact, they were satisfied with Mr. Hill's explanation and his promise to send the money from Calgary.

It is not necessary to relate the whole particulars of this part of my experience at the ranch. I had to face a difficulty. The managing director had just left us in the plight I have stated. About fifteen cowboys and other men were working for me unpaid, and I could see that I had to carry all the blame. When I told them I had brought no money to pay them—that Mr. Hill had promised to send money from Winnipeg—they "turned loose" with the proverbial cowboy's language, and with perfect frankness and fluency gave their opinion of the company and those connected with it. One of the men said to me, "I have worked for you for a long time and thought you were square until Mr. Hill came out and said you were to blame for us being without our money. I would rather quit and lose what the company owes me than remain longer and lose more."

This opinion prevailed with most of the men, and they were all about to leave.

I said, "If you go now I can't pay you. If you stay and help me to make the drive of beef to Medicine Hat, I will see you paid. Furthermore," I said, "I would myself cut loose from this miserable and shameful manner of doing business if Mr. Hill were the only one of the company interested. There are people of the highest sense of honor among the directors, and when the truth comes out, as it is bound to, there will be a straightening of this crooked work."

"Then we can't get our money unless from the sale of the cattle?"

"Not unless Mr. Hill sends the money, as he has promised, from Winnipeg."

Harry, who had been with me from the first in Montana during our trouble, then said, "We are all in a hole, and Mr. Craig suggests the surest, and I think the best, way out of it, to get the steers sold and get our wages from the herd."

The cowboys and all workers on the ranch then consented to continue on until I made a sale of cattle. I had 343 head of beeves cut out from the herd which I had that summer purchased and brought in from

Montana, and drove them to Medicine Hat, a distance of 150 miles. Here I sold them to Messrs. Penrose and Rocan, of Winnipeg, for $17,650, partly cash, the balance in one, two, and three months. I got the notes discounted with I. G. Baker & Co. They were promptly paid at maturity—a contrast between the financial honor of a firm of butchers in Winnipeg and the aristocratic directors of the Oxley Ranch, Limited.

While at Medicine Hat I fully made up my mind to lay before the board of directors the condition of affairs—and I feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I did not do so months previously. Before I left I got word that the drafts of Ralston, Hastie and Farmer had been sent back dishonored, when I had just sold $17,650 worth of their cattle to pay our debts.

I wrote to the Earl of Lathom from Medicine Hat, October 29th, 1884, full particulars of our position. and added, "The want of money to pay wages, keeping more men than we needed, sheriffs, exorbitant interest to shopkeepers have cost the company over $10,000 this past summer."

I had promised Lord Lathom, when he was at the ranch the year before, to write to him occasionally, telling him how we were getting on. He gave me a number of envelopes which he had with him, with the printed address of the Countess of Lathom, Lathom House, Ormskirk, England, which I could use when writing to him by crossing out the word "Countess" and writing "Earl" over it. Now I had something to write about. I thought that when Lord Lathom received my report there would be a change for the better. His Lordship was indignant and furious at Helena the year before that *we* should be owing shopkeepers. What would be his feelings now when informed that *we* were now doubly in debt to shopkeepers to what we were when he examined the accounts at Helena? What would he say when he found we were also owing our cowboys; that there were executions in the hands of sheriffs against us; that we were owing for cattle which we had bought on credit, and were failing to pay the bills when due, although we had disposed of a large number of these same cattle and paid other debts with them.

What was the answer? Lord Lathom did not deign to answer my communication, but I received a letter from Mr. Hill, under date November 21, in which he said:

> Lord Lathom has forwarded to me to-day your letter to him of October 30th. I have been, as you are aware, urging upon the Bank of Montreal the requirements for a branch at Calgary or Fort Macleod, or both. At present there has been nothing done. I have again this morning urged the matter upon the manager of the Bank of Montreal here.
>
> I do not agree with you that our loss in consequence of non-supply of money has amounted to, or ought at all to have amounted to, $10,000. There has been undoubtedly considerable extra expense, and with a better system there will be no such expense in the future. I hope the accounts are on the way.
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> (Signed) ALEX. STAVELEY HILL.

Want of a bank in Calgary or Macleod was a very lame excuse for not meeting the bills drawn on Wolverhampton, England, in payment for cattle, and for not bringing money when he came out to the ranch. Mr. Hill knew that there was banking accommodation in Calgary and Macleod to meet the requirements of all the cattle ranchers of the North-West. They had sufficient facilities to carry on their business. They were never sued for any debts.

Some notice had to be taken of my letter to Lord Lathom. Mr. Hill's apology was a shallow subterfuge which could deceive no man; but I hoped that as our position was made known to the directors, it would result in getting our business put on a more satisfactory basis.

It was now one continual conflict with creditors, standing them off with promises. The money I had received from the recent sale paid the wages, and some of the shop bills, but there was no money sent to pay the men from whom we bought the cattle.

About the 6th of December I received a letter from Mr. Hill in which he enclosed three letters, one for each of the three men in Montana who were waiting for their money for the cattle they sold me last June. The following is a copy, which I was instructed to transmit to Ralsten, Hastie and Farmer:

13 KING'S BENCH WALK, TEMPLE, LONDON,
November 13th, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that there has been some little delay to provide the cash to meet your bills. I will remit, however, at a very early date, and meantime I hope that the unavoidable delay will not have caused you any serious inconvenience.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) A. STAVELEY HILL.

To Frank Farmer.

These letters reached their destination about Christmas. The "cash to meet their bills" was not forthcoming. "The very early date" was not near.

I was constantly receiving letters from these men. The following is a copy of one I received from Frank Farmer:

CHOTEAU, MONTANA, U.S.,
January 26th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I got your letter, and the one Mr. Hill wrote, which you enclosed. It is very hard on me to be kept out of that money that you owe me so long. I had to borrow money to pay the taxes on them cattle. I am paying two per cent. per month for it. I told you when you took them you were taking all I had in the world. I trusted you, and you know you told me the Oxley ranch had plenty of money to pay for the cattle, and there would be no more trouble like what we had when we delivered the cattle. Some of the ranchers round here say that I will get beat out of my money, and never see a cent of it. We all trusted you, or you never would have got them. It might be that I would have the money by the time you get this. With these brief remarks I will close, hoping that this will be settled soon, but let me hear from you again.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) FRANK FARMER.

The Montana ranchers were correct when they said Frank Farmer would never see a cent of the money the Oxley ranch owed him. As before stated, some time in February he determined to come up to our ranch and see me about the money. He was overtaken by a severe snow-storm on the prairie and perished. His body was found in a snow-drift some distance from the trail. His faithful horse remained close to him, finding grass by pawing away the snow, and thus indicating the spot near where they found the unfortunate master.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN IMAGINARY COAL MINE—A START FOR ENGLAND.

A new arrival—Imaginary coal operations—No money forthcoming—Starting for England—Salutary advice at Winnipeg—Cablegram unanswered.

AT this time a young gentleman, Mr. Eaton, from London, came with a letter of introduction from Mr. Hill to learn the ranch work. He made himself useful and agreeable, and soon became a favorite with cowboys, the result of minding his own business, a striking contrast in that respect to some young men from the old country.

The day after Mr. Eaton arrived he asked me where our coal mines were.

"We have no coal mines," I replied. "Our ranch is for live stock only."

"I mean the coal mines you are opening up," said Mr. Eaton. "Mr. Hill told me I might go to the coal mines which you had begun to work if I didn't like the cowboy work."

"You certainly misunderstood Mr. Hill; he must have meant the Galt coal mines at Lethbridge. We have nothing whatever to do with any coal mines."

Mr. Eaton was surprised, and replied, "I didn't misunderstand Mr. Hill. He talked about the Oxley Ranch Company's coal mines, and said Mr. Craig, the manager, would have considerable work there, and you might find some suitable employment for me, keeping men's time, or some other work, if I preferred it to the ranch work."

This coal mine never materialized. It had only originated in the fertile imagination of the managing director of the Oxley ranch, and probably achieved the object of its creation in deluding some unsuspecting victims.

Winter passed, but no money came to pay for the cattle bought from the three men in Montana.

"The very early date" which Mr. Hill named in his letter of November 13th, on which the Montana ranchers would be paid, was still in the future on the following March. I had kept them from issuing writs against the company by promising their money next mail. This had been kept up now for seven months, and it would work no longer. I saw no way to prevent the company being sued.

I will agree with my reader, who will honestly say, "They ought to have been sued months ago," but I thought then I was protecting those directors of the company who might not be acquainted with Mr. Hill's conduct.

I decided to go to England and meet the directors, and ascertain the true inwardness of this business, and thus get another term of respite from the creditors. I thought the company could not be attempting to postpone the payments for an indefinite period, but it did not require any keen perception to change my mind before three months went by.

I started from the ranch for England 20th March. When I got to Winnipeg I consulted with a friend about the affairs of the company, and showed him the correspondence. He said, "It is almost incredible that the company would conduct their business in such a disgraceful manner, especially when one considers the high position some of them hold, and that the Earl of Lathom, who is Lord Chamberlain and director of this company, knowing the state of affairs, does not remedy it; but I see you have made him acquainted with the whole business."

I replied, "When I meet the directors in London it will bring affairs to a crisis, and result in having the ranch run on business principles."

"I advise you to go no further towards England until they send for you."

"If I return without money to pay for the cattle we will be sued."

"Well, you can't carry all the responsibility; you have defended the company long enough."

Taking my friend's advice, I sent the following cable to Mr. Hill.

24th March, 1885.

Important I should see you on ranch affairs. Cable me authority to proceed to England.

I remained seven days in Winnipeg, and received no answer. I have reason to be very grateful to my friend for his timely and judicious advice, as my visit to England seven months after amply proved.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HALF-BREED REBELLION OF 1885.

In the midst of powerful tribes—General alarm—Moving into Macleod—Was it foolhardy?—Preparations for attack.

THE same day that I sent the cable to Mr. Hill news of the "Riel outbreak," as it was then called, was received, causing great excitement. Troops were called out. The following day the excitement increased as the reports came in of an insurrection of half-breeds and an uprising of the Indians as well.

I returned home to New Oxley on the 31st March. The whole country was aroused. I was glad that I had returned. My family was isolated from any settlement. They felt no fear, because they knew no danger. There was no telegraph office nearer to Macleod than Calgary, 110 miles. Couriers were carrying despatches day and night. Although the scene of conflict and the general uprising was several hundred miles from us in the Macleod district, yet we were all in great peril if the rebels had been successful in even one engagement.

We were in the midst of three of the most powerful Indian tribes of the North-West, the Blackfoots, Bloods, and Piegans, who were well armed and ammunitioned. They outnumbered us ten to one.

MIKASTO, OR RED CROW, HEAD CHIEF OF THE BLOOD INDIANS.

The young men of the Indian tribes around us were ready, but the cooler and wiser counsels of the old chiefs, Crowfoot and Red Crow, prevailed, and prevented the young "bucks" from going on the warpath. If there had been one victory by Riel's followers nothing could have restrained the tribes around us from an uprising. It was inexplicable to all the white settlers how the result of engagements between the combatants, hundreds of miles away, reached the Indian camps around Macleod before it was known by the officers at the Fort of the North-West Mounted Police, where every means for the promptest despatch were used. Telegraph relays of horsemen were riding night and day from the end of the wire, yet the Indians had the news first. The people of Alberta, more than any other district, have reason to be grateful for the prompt suppression of the insurgents.

Our ranch was on the trail between Macleod and Calgary, where the couriers changed horses. Sunday, April 5th, one of the couriers came in on a gallop, his horse foaming. He appeared to be in a great terror, as if pursued by a band of hostile Indians. He said, "Get your family away to Fort McLeod as soon as you can. The Blackfoot Indians have torn up the C. P. R. track for miles. They are all on the warpath."

Being too late in the day to get to Fort Macleod before dark, I drove my family to the cow camp five miles away, and gave the cowboys a supply of Winchester rifles and ammunition which had been left by the Mounted Police for distribution.

The day following I started for Macleod with my family. On the way we got quite a scare. While on our journey we saw horsemen which we took for Indians riding towards us from the prairie on a gallop. The faster I drove the more they quickened their pace, apparently trying to cut us off. Seeing they could intercept us on the trail I halted the team. I had two rifles, a Marlin and a Winchester, and concluded to give them a shot at long range from the Marlin before they got too near. There were three in full sight. I was taking aim when one of my daughters, who was looking through a field-glass, exclaimed, "Hold on! I think they are cowboys." As they galloped nearer, our anxiety was over. Three cowboys, as scouts, had been out over the range, and were riding in to intercept us to get the latest news from the North.

We continued our journey, and met a Concord coach with a number of ladies, officers' wives from the Fort, escorted by Mounted Police, on their way to Calgary as a safer refuge until the danger was over.

I drove to Captain Cotton's quarters at the Fort. The report about the Blackfoot Indians tearing up the tracks was untrue. The next day I drove the family over to our Stand Off ranch, and found it deserted by our men from fear of the Blood Indians, whose camp was divided from this ranch by the Belly river only. We stayed at the ranch all night. We had our own blankets along, and found some food in the shack. The next morning we crossed the Belly river and drove down through the Blood camp. We were struck with its unusual appearance. There was not an Indian in sight. A few squaws peered out through the opening of their tepees at us as we passed by. I had been through this agency before frequently, and had always seen Indians and squaws and the youngsters around in considerable numbers, but everything was different now. I continued my drive to the house of the Rev. John McLean, the Indian missionary to the Bloods, but found his house deserted. I returned to Macleod, and found the ranchers' families from the surrounding district had come to the Fort for protection.

When it was known that I had gone out with my family to Stand Off, it was considered unsafe. When I returned after being through the Blood camp it was thought most reckless, if not worse. It was neither bravery nor recklessness that influenced me in making the round. It was pure ignorance of danger. I did not realize the danger at the time, but I saw it in a different light after my return. However, there was some benefit derived from my visit to the Blood camp. I could report what I saw and what I did not see, viz., that there were neither Indians nor horses to be seen at their camp, nor in the vicinity. This information increased the anxiety of the people at McLeod. I may say that there had been no communication between the Blood agency and Fort Macleod for several days previous to my making what some, I suppose, properly termed a foolhardy trip. The Mounted Police barracks was put in a state of defence by having a wire fence erected around it. Two wooden bastions, each covering two sides of the square, were erected, but there was no attack. The wire fence was never tested. The officials had a merciful consideration for the Indians when they selected smooth wire for their fence, instead of barb wire, to resist an Indian attack.

The rebellion was put down in a very short time. Our Rocky Mountain Rangers, composed of cowboys, under Captain Stewart and Lord Boyle (now the Earl of Shannon) returned from the scene of conflict, and were given a banquet and presented with an address by the Macleod citizens. War alarms had ceased. Peace and quietness were again restored, but the conflict between the creditors and the Oxley ranch was still unsettled. There was no money, nor a prospect of any.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE HANDS OF THE SHERIFF.

Montana creditors get judgment—The sheriff seizes—A letter to the directors—Sheriff's sale avoided at the eleventh hour—Seventy-five thousand dollars cabled—The dead creditor again—A reminiscence of the author's youth.

I HAD a visit from the remaining creditors in Montana in April. They came with a determination to get their money for the cattle they had sold ten months ago.

The court was held at Macleod. Our lawyer prepared a defence, relying on an affidavit which he prepared for me to make, viz.—That as the letter of instructions to me to purchase had not the seal of the company, I made the purchase without legal authority. He said he felt confident he could succeed in his defence, and the object was only to gain time. I refused to make the affidavit, and told the lawyer that if there was any defence offered I would relate the whole transaction to the court. I also reminded him of the opinion he expressed at my house a short time before, when discussing the conduct of the Oxley Ranch Company, that "Staveley Hill must be either a knave or a fool, or both." He replied, "What will the company think of your refusal to assist me in preventing these men from getting judgment against them?"

The court was held. Judgment was given for plaintiffs.

If I had made the affidavit the lawyer had prepared, and we had succeeded. I am convinced these men stood in a fair way of losing their money altogether, and I have an opinion as to where the instructions to defend and the ground of defence came from.

Executions were issued. The sheriff seized all the Oxley Ranch property, and advertised it for sale.

The following is a copy of one of the advertisements:

SHERIFF'S SALE.

North-West Territories,}
To Wit: }

By virtue of a Writ of *Execution*, issued out of the Alberta District Court, at the suit of E. D. Hastie and to me directed against the Goods and Chattels of The Oxley Ranch Company, I have seized and taken into Execution the following Goods and Chattels, namely:—300, more or less, head of horses, branded OX; 3,000, more or less, head of cattle, branded OX; *I:Γ:Ω:Ψ*, which I shall expose for sale on Thursday, the seventh day of May, at The Oxley Ranch Corral, Willow Creek, at the hour of 10 a.m.

(Signed) S. E. St. O. Chapleau,
Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office,
29th April, 1885.
per (Signed) Duncan J Campbell,
Deputy Sheriff.

My foreman, cowboys, and all help on the ranch quit work when they saw the sheriff's sale advertised.

DUNCAN J. CAMPBELL.

Sheriff, Macleod, Alta.

I had assured them all along that money would be sent to pay the men for the cattle. They lost confidence in me as well as in the company. They said they would leave and lose their wages that were due to them rather than continue with the Oxley ranch. I made out their time and gave them due bills against the company for the amounts due to each.

A cowboy, like any other employee, feels a sort of elevation, or pride, in proportion to the standing of the company or ranch he works for. My men left chagrined, disgusted. I must admit they had some grounds for displeasure. For myself, I didn't feel elevated by the surroundings, and my family felt the deepest humiliation on account of the disgraceful conduct of the company. What a spectacle! That "Lords and Commons" should bring the business of the ranch to such a degradation that cowboys were not only in fear that they would lose their wages, but were ashamed to work for it!

My foreman, Harry, who had been with me from the commencement of the ranching, said, "I am sorry to have to leave, but I don't think any self-respecting man would want to continue with such a company as this. I thought they would have more commonsense than to have allowed their whole business to be seized and sold by the sheriff."

I replied that I was of the same opinion, but the cattle were not sold yet.

Harry rejoined: "They are seized and advertised, and that is near enough to show the character of the company, and you have all along held that the Earl of Lathom would see that matters were put straight. He knows all about Mr. Hill's methods."

I replied, "I don't think Lord Lathom can know all."

"He either does not want to know, or he is very dense, if the letters you sent to him, of which you showed me copies, did not enlighten him," said Harry, "and that company will make you the scapegoat for all this discreditable work. Staveley Hill is in London with the directors, while you are out here alone, bearing the whole weight of the blame, and he will work it so as to fix it upon you."

"I don't think they could do so if they tried. The facts are against them."

Harry ended the conversation by saying, "Your experience with the Oxley Ranch directors the past year ought to be sufficient to convince you that they won't be over-scrupulous about the means they would employ to accomplish their purpose."

Anyone who has read that book of Mr. Staveley Hill's, "From Home to Home," describing ranching life at New Oxley, may compare the present experience with Mr. Hill's affectionate reference to the cowboys of our ranch (page 413), in which, referring to his visit last year, he says, "The boys know how well I like them, how happy I have been with them, and that they will have to go far to find a better friend."

The sheriff sent his bailiff and two men to seize our saddle-horses. Both bailiff and men were cowboys who had left me a few days before. I stood them off for a few days, as the creditors were secured. They returned to Mcleod for help.

I sent a cowboy 75 miles to the telegraph office with the following cable to Lord Lathom:

CALGARY, May 1st, 1885.

Lord Lathom, Ormskirk, England:

All Oxley cattle and horses seized and advertised for sheriff sale, seventh May, to pay Ralston and Hastie. Everything will be sacrificed. Can you help? Indians quiet. No danger in this district. CRAIG.

I wrote the following letter to each of the Directors:

NEW OXLEY, ALBERTA, N.W.T.

May 5th, 1885.

SIR,—As I warned you months ago, the sheriff has seized and advertised for sale in the suits of Ralston and Hastie. The sheriff's bailiff seized all our property.

The bailiff is Harry, who has been in our service since we commenced the ranch. I stood him and his men off. They have gone for reinforcements. There was a certainty that they could not take either our saddles or saddle-horses so long as my men stayed with me, but yesterday evening all the men took alarm seeing the sheriff's force increased and the seizure of the cattle. They think they are going to lose their wages, and unless I satisfy them I am literally alone with all this stock. I have promised them a bill of sale of cattle to cover what is past due.

I expected some acknowledgment from some members of the company to my letters of March 10th.

I feel that I cannot at present write what I would wish to you, but you will hear from me later. That I am humiliated, perplexed, really bewildered at the suicidal conduct of the company, you may imagine.

No information for weeks. I have in every possible way tried to stave off the evil day, and hoped money would come in time to save the property, but you seem to have paid no attention to me, nor to the payments. The sale is advertised for Thursday, 7th.

We think and hope that we have found an irregularity in the proceedings of the sheriff which will give us a few days more time.

The weather has been beautiful.

The calves appear very numerous. We have promise of such a large increase. Everything pertaining to this place would go on prosperously if you did your part—pay for the cattle we purchased.

Why have you dealt so with this enterprise? I don't want to write hard things, but I can truly say, *you could not have done more to bring about financial ruin to this enterprise if you had set out with that express purpose in view.*

I am, etc.,

JOHN R. CRAIG.

The sheriff's sale was well and widely known by advertisement in the North-West Territories and Montana, and also to the nobility and gentry of the Oxley ranch in London through my letters; but we may safely presume that they gave very little publicity to the fact there.

One day before that on which the sale was advertised to be held, and some days after my cable to Lord Lathom, I received the following cable:

May 5th.

Craig, Calgary:

Draw Morton, Bliss & Co., New York, seventy-five thousand dollars.

(Signed.) HILL.

They waited until the proverbial eleventh hour. Why was the money not sent before the sheriff had possession, on receipt of my cable to Lord Lathom? If I had only joined in defending the case, would those men have been paid? There is indisputable evidence that there was no intention of ever paying for these cattle. However, they are paid for now, but at what a sacrifice and waste of money? The honored proverb, "That it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good" was verified in this case. One lawyer boasted that he was $2,500 the richer, and one of our cowboys—Frank Jones—with a keen eye to business, purchased several of the due bills I gave our men in payment at a very great shave, which netted him a handsome amount.

I have said that these men are paid now. There is one yet to be paid, Frank Farmer, the man who lost his life in a snow-storm while trying to make his way to our ranch for his money. His executors are after us. The directors, without even a pretext for an excuse, sent no money to pay for Farmer's cattle. They know they are sued and judgment against them. As the sheriff has not seized yet they appear to think payment not necessary.

The reader may think, perhaps, that I am dwelling too much in detail on the company's business. It may be so, but I keep in mind that I am writing to many friends throughout the North-West and in Montana, and other friends elsewhere, who had but an inkling of the underwork of the Oxley ranch directors, and there are many others to whom these novel and unique methods of business may be interesting. It may somewhat surprise the reader when I state that I have omitted many experiences with the directors of the Oxley ranch, not because they would be uninteresting, but for the reason that they were too extraordinary to admit easily of belief.

This reminds me of another experience of my early days, very many years ago. It was before the advent of railways in Canada. In the year I speak of, about 1847, there was a very large emigration from Ireland. They disembarked from the lake boats at Queen's Wharf, Toronto, homeless, in the harvest season. The grain was ripe and ready for cutting. The only reaper in those days was the hand-sickle, or the more progressive "cradle." On my father's farm, near Dundas street, fifteen miles west of Toronto, one hundred and fifty acres of wheat were ready for the sickle, and the laborers were few. All the conveyances on the farm were sent to the city, and willing workers and their families were brought out to gather the harvest, which was reaped with the hand-sickle.

When the harvest was finished a home was found for those with families, by dividing a farm twelve miles from Toronto into plots, varying from five to ten acres each. To me, though very young, was assigned the agreeable work of writing for them all their letters to their friends in Ireland, as well as reading for them the letters they received.

At these functions there was a general gathering at the largest house in the little colony—and such a jolly time! Jokes went round and harmless chat while they dictated the news and gossip to be written, commencing with the time-honored introduction—"I take my pen in hand to write you these few lines, hoping they may find you in the same state of health as they leave us all in at present. Thanks be unto God for all His mercies unto us." These "few lines" usually extended to several pages of foolscap. Each family had an interest of its own, but there was also a community of interest in all their works and ways, and each family contributed its quota of news, or its message to some dear one at home.

The first letter I wrote for them occupied three evenings, and was about to be closed, when I was asked, "Have you room for another word? Tell Denny that we have the best of living, we get meat three times a day."

Tom Corrigan, the patriarch of the community, their "guide, philosopher and friend," exclaimed, "Don't put that in! it would ruin the letter! They wouldn't believe a word we have sent. You might say twice a day, and that is as much as they will believe." The majority protested, saying, "Three times is the truth;" but Tom had his way, and saved the credibility of our first letter. But this is a digression.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MONTANA SHERIFF SEIZES.

The Montana cattle seized—Pinhorne goes to Montana to straighten things out—Fails to obtain money from England—"Pay up or go afoot"—Singular business methods.

To enlighten the reader, more particularly upon the attitude the directors occupied at this stage, it is necessary to return to the time I had decided to visit them in England, when I sent the following cable from Winnipeg:—

March 24th, 1885.

Important I should see you on ranch affairs. Cable me authority to proceed to England.

Receiving no answer, I returned to the ranch.

The directors took some action. They held a meeting. Mr. Staveley Hill's nephew, a Mr. Pinhorne, was appointed by them, with power of attorney, dated April 1st (ominous date!), to come out to the ranch. This was kept a close secret from me. He came to my home the 29th of May. He had been around in the neighborhood since the 5th of May, staying at a ranch close by until the creditors were settled with.

He brought no letter of introduction from Mr. Hill, but having seen him at Mr. Hill's house a few years before, I knew him and welcomed him to the ranch. He said he came on a visit, and intended to return to England in a few months.

I had hired another foreman and enough cowboys to start afresh. Our spring round up was going on, and Mr. Pinhorne was with us. As I thought he was acting too officiously, I reprimanded him one day, and while doing so a messenger rode up to us and handed me the following telegram :

CHOTEAU, MONTANA.
CRAIG—Fort Macleod—New Oxley :
All the Oxley horses and cattle seized by the sheriff, and will be sold if Farmer's money is not paid.
(Signed) FRANK JONES.

I was getting used to this sort of thing by this time, and began to wonder whether it may not have been my plebeian ignorance of aristocratic methods of doing business which was the cause of my taking the non-payments, judgments, and sheriffs' seizures so much to heart.

I showed Pinhorne the telegram, saying, "Now, if you want to interfere in the company's business, you have an opening."

He asked what it meant. I explained to him that we had in Montana about 1,000 head of cattle on the range. I had sent Frank Jones and another cowboy with two strings of horses to get them on the round up. I was preparing to send an outfit to bring them up. I told him we owed the executors of the Farmer estate for the cattle purchased over a year ago, and they had seized our cattle for payment. I said, "If you can get your uncle, Mr. Staveley Hill, to send out the money and prevent the sheriff's sale, you will be doing a really valuable service."

Pinhorne said: "I can get the money sent out, and will assist you all in my power."

I replied: "Some one should go to Montana, and I can't leave the ranch; a new outfit has just been hired. *Since I have been with this company I have spent more time in financing for money borrowed from shopkeepers to pay our debts and standing off creditors and sheriffs than in any other capacity.* I have been made a tool of by the company to purchase cattle for them on their terms, which they fail to keep, and they won't pay until forced by the sheriff. Is this your English method of doing business?"

Mr. Pinhorne appeared humiliated about the sheriff being in possession in Montana, and volunteered to go down and draw money to pay the claim, and bring the cattle. I gave him and Mr. E—— (the young gentleman who came to the ranch with a letter of introduction from Mr. Hill and expected to see our *coal mines*) two horses each, and started them off for Montana on the 27th of July to see the sheriff and prevent the sale.

They rode down to Fort Benton, 250 miles. The sheriff had four men on the round up gathering our cattle. He came in to Fort Benton and met Mr. Pinhorne, who informed him that he had come to settle the claims against the company.

A cable was sent to his uncle, Mr. Hill. Whatever

SOL. ABBOTT.

Deputy Sheriff, Choteau Co., Montana.

answer was sent I never heard, but no money was sent. Mr. Pinhorne, finding his journey was useless, rode out of Fort Benton at night, without giving the sheriff, who was waiting for a settlement, notice of his leaving. Mr. E—— was not made acquainted with the facts. He thought the cattle were paid for.

The sheriff, Mr. Sol. Abbott, followed next morning and overtook them on their way back to Macleod, and seized the horses on the Farmer execution. As Mr. E——'s horse was his own private property, it was not seized. Mr. Pinhorne said, " I have very urgent business to Macleod and must have the horses."

" Well, pay their value, $70 each, or go afoot."

" I can't let them go for that price," said Pinhorne. " They are some of the best horses the company own. They are worth $100 each."

The sheriff, willing to oblige Mr Pinhorne, said: " They are better horses than I first supposed. Now, when I look closer at them, I find you are right. They are good value for $100 each. If you pay me that price you can take them, otherwise I will bring them back to Fort Benton."

The sheriff was paid $100 each by a cheque signed by Pinhorne, and the Oxley ranch agents were allowed to continue their journey.

The sheriff subsequently admitted that when he put a value of $70 on each horse it was quite $20 above their market value, but thought it only fair to get all he could out of the business, and when Pinhorne protested that it was $30 too low he was surprised at the business capacity of the Oxley ranch representative. Mr. E——, who had considerable business experience, saw the blunder of his companion, but could not prevent the result, as he had no part in the negotiation. It is only fair to make allowance for Mr. Pinhorne's position. It is small wonder, under the circumstances, that he was "rattled" when negotiating with the sheriff.

When Pinhorne and Eaton returned I asked them what they had done, and why they had not remained with the cattle.

Pinhorne replied, "I thought it better to leave them there."

"Did you get money to settle the debt?"

He replied, "I got no money."

"Could you not get your uncle, Mr. Hill, to send the money and prevent the sheriff from selling?

"I have done what I thought for the best," he replied.

I asked him if he had sent a cable to Mr. Hill and tried to get the money.

"Certainly, what do you suppose I went down for? I cabled to Mr. Hill. The company are quite competent to judge for themselves the best thing to do," said Pinhorne.

"Whom did you leave to look after the company's interests there?" I asked.

Pinhorne replied, "The sheriff will look after our interests."

"Then this is the result of your 500 mile ride and your communication with the directors?"

"The company know their own business best," Pinhorne replied.

This was putting matters in a new light. How immense was our delight when the sheriff's sale was averted last May! What fools we have been! The directors are apparently not disturbed over the position, but coolly advise their deputy to let the sheriff proceed, as "it is the best way."

By the time the debt was paid on a purchase of $12,000 the costs of the action, though undefended, amounted to over $5,000.

To manage a ranch of seven thousand cattle successfully requires experience, diligence and tact, and money to do it with, even after the business has been established; but to begin and build up the concern, and carry it on with a constant struggle against creditors to whom we were paying one per cent. a month for large sums of money, against writs, judgments, and sheriff's executions one after another; with nine judgments against us, four executions in the sheriff's hands, and two sheriff's sales, all during the past twelve months, all this was so disheartening that I shall not enlarge upon it, and will most heartily pity any unfortunate manager who has had to meet like experiences.

Instead of trying to mend such a condition of affairs after I cabled to the Earl of Lathom that our property was seized, they appoint a man to come out to the ranch (a nephew of the managing director), and the first use he makes of his position is to deliberately acquiesce in a sheriff's sale of their property.

A few days after Mr. Pinhorne's return from Montana he came to my home with a letter, which he said he had just received from Mr. Staveley Hill, and read the following: "Mr. Hill desires to be kindly remembered to you and your family, and hopes you will make a good sale of steers, and you are requested to transmit the proceeds to him in London." He also mentioned the name of the bankers to whom the money was to be sent. As near as I can remember it was Barclay & Co., but as I had no intention of sending money to London while it was needed to pay our debts here I paid very little attention to it.

I said to Pinhorne, "I will pay our debts here first. The balance left will go to pay the sheriff's execution in Montana."

I had sold 679 cattle for $31,162 while Pinhorne was in Montana.

He said: "If you give me $11,000 I can get the balance to settle the claim before the sheriff will sell."

The offer was accepted. I gave him $11,000, which instead of applying as he agreed he sent to Mr. Hill in England.

Pinhorne came again and asked me to send all the money I had received for the cattle to Mr. Hill.

I told him I would not comply with such an unreasonable request. "There is no more than will pay wages, shop bills and borrowed money."

"It is your duty to obey the wishes of the company," he replied.

"Does Lord Lathom and the other directors want the money sent to them while it is needed here to pay their debts, which are running at one per cent. a month, and the sheriff holding our cattle and horses?" I asked.

"You have to obey Mr. Hill's orders without questioning."

With this remark he rode away to the cow camp, and there, for the first time during his four months' "visit," produced his power of attorney to the cowboys. (I had not seen nor heard of it yet.) He assembled them around him, and, after reading to them the document, said, "I am the manager of Oxley ranch. All who want to work for the company under me will stand out to the right; all who refuse will go to the left"—dividing the sheep from the goats, as it were.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SHERIFF SELLS.

Friendly letters—Turpitude of "Old Quinn"—Righteous indignation of Mr. Hill—Suggestion to drive cattle to Winnipeg—Statements that conflict—Mr. Pinhorne's melancholy end—I am summoned to England—What the sheriff's sale realized—$35,000 thrown away.

MR. HILL'S letters to me during the summer were very friendly, and without mention of any such annoying and sordid subjects as payment of debts. Though he knew of the executions against the company in Montana, they did not appear to be worthy of notice. I received the following:

13 KING'S BENCH WALK, TEMPLE, LONDON.
July 23, 1885.

DEAR CRAIG,—I was very glad to receive yesterday your letter of July 2nd. I certainly did not expect that old Q—— would have turned out such a scamp, but if I had been out there Nigger John should have had a rope around his neck at the foot of a cottonwood tree till he confessed all about it, and who had helped him, as it took three or four men to do the work which you and Mr. Pinhorne describe. Let me hear whether we are preparing to sell this year to Winnipeg. I am very much inclined to start a drive for that city. The cattle would feed well. It is a matter of comparison of cost. Let me know what you think of this.

I hope that Mrs. Craig got well through the winter. Give my kind remembrances to her and Clara, and the young ones. Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) ALEX. STAVELEY HILL.

Were the other matters of no interest? Yet no mention was made of our cattle being rounded up by the sheriff.

He would deal very summarily with the "old scamp" Q——, if he had been out at the ranch. A rope, a cottonwood tree, with a "nigger" to assist him, was his method of dealing with the man who had been accused of tampering with cattle brands, instead of giving him an opportunity of defending himself, as we had done in this instance.

Q—— was not educated up to the keen edge of getting cattle without paying for them and keeping within the law. His method was a cruder one, viz., that of taking them without your leave, and changing the brands from a half-circle to a whole circle with a bar, which was his brand; and by this means we found that Mr. Q—— had appropriated some twenty head of our cattle, which got him into trouble. We had him arrested and committed for trial.

It is noteworthy that the Montana cowboys made very similar comments as those of the eminent Q.C., M.P. (the "nigger's" assistance excepted), upon the conduct of a company which would purchase large herds of cattle on credit, and then not pay for them until forced by the sheriff.

The suggestion to drive our beef cattle 900 miles on foot to market when we had the C. P. Ry. to carry them was certainly original, if neither wise nor practicable.

The next letter I received from the managing director was a "stunner."

3 Garden Court, Temple, London,
August 11, 1885.

Dear Craig,—I am glad to hear from Mr. Pinhorne that all is going on well. Do not omit writing to me full particulars, and especially I am anxious to know about sales and the wage lists, without which it is most difficult to keep up accounts. Let me know what number of steers you expect to sell this year besides the sale of "poor steers and dry cows" now contemplated, also as to Stand Off crops, etc., and when the drive will be from Dupuyer Creek. As soon as we have the bulk of our cattle from there we must find a purchaser for that ranch. I suppose old Turner will give us no difficulty. The potatoes I brought from Stand Off have produced the best I have this year. We have a good prospect of harvest. What grass shall you put up this year? Let me know also your views as to the IV. I have not heard lately how the matter stands, but we shall certainly appeal if the case is decided in Macleod against us. I am still uncertain as to coming out, and shall not be able quite to decide until political matters are a little clearer.

I hope that you have got on well with Mr. Pinhorne. You will, I am sure, have found him thoroughly active and intelligent. Let me hear from you as soon as you receive this, and especially as to your views with regard to the *prosperity* of the ranch.

I am very sorry to find that one or two upon whom we placed reliance seem to have been so little worthy of it. Tell me especially your views as to Cottingham and Wagner, and what you think of your new man Johnson.

With kind regards to your family.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) ALEX. STAVELEY HILL.

I will ask the reader to consider one or two statements in the above letter carefully.

"I am glad to hear from Pinhorne that all is going on well." When was this news sent by Pinhorne that made his uncle glad? The letter is dated August 11th, just after Pinhorne had cabled to him from Fort Benton for money to pay the sheriff. On or about the 3rd of August he cabled that the sheriff was rounding up our cattle there. Mr. Hill replies to let the cattle go to the sheriff, then writes me a letter, "I am glad to hear from Pinhorne that all is going well."

Next: "And when the drive will be from Dupuyer Creek," viz., the drive of the cattle that he cables to his nephew at Fort Benton to let go to the sheriff, as he won't send money to pay Farmer's claim. If Pinhorne has told me the truth, it follows that his uncle is very unreasonable, and unintelligible. He knows the cattle will be sold by the sheriff.

I saw Pinhorne after receiving the above letter and asked him if the directors had decided to let the sheriff sell the Oxley ranch cattle in preference to sending money to pay the debt.

He replied, "I have already told you all I know about the matter. They refused to send money, and I left them to be sold."

I gave Pinhorne the letter to read and to explain the meaning of Mr. Hill asking when the cattle will be driven in if he knew they were about to be sold by the sheriff, and added, "Here is the evidence of deceit. I can't think you would take a ride of 500 miles for amusement. You went assuring me that you could get money from England, and returned without accomplishing anything. The sheriff's sale goes on, but reconcile the fact with this letter of Mr. Hill to me."

Returning the letter he said, "I don't understand Mr. Hill. He certainly knew at the time he wrote that letter that the cattle would be sold by the sheriff."

"Did you inform him that everything was going on well, as he states in his letter?"

"I assured him everything was going well, if the execution in Montana was settled."

This was the last conversation I had with Pinhorne. I knew that his unenviable position was forced upon him by his uncle, and he was more to be pitied than censured. He continued in the service of the company as local manager for some time, and, whatever may have been the cause of his deplorable act, while alone in his room one night he met his death by using his gun. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while laboring under temporary insanity."

I had no information from the directors, and cabled again to Lord Lathom the following message:

FORT MACLEOD, September 18th, 1885.
Lord Lathom, Ormskirk, England:
Pinhorne took forcible possession of ranch. I retook by law, and hold to hear result of report to company. CRAIG.

REPLY.

ORMSKIRK, September, 25th 1885.
Craig, Oxley, Fort Macleod:
Come over immediately. LATHOM.

I replied, "Will go as soon as possible."

The day after my reply to Lord Lathom, I received a letter from Staveley Hill, which read as follows:

13 KING'S BENCH WALK, TEMPLE, LONDON.
September, 9th, 1885.

MY DEAR CRAIG,—I am exceedingly sorry to hear of the tricks which Quinn and others, who ought to have behaved better, have been playing us, and altogether those about us have not been so loyal as I had hoped that they would be to us, and as I think we deserved of them.

This makes me regret all the more that I cannot find time to get out this fall to see after everything myself. I am most anxious to hear how our suit about the IV's goes. I, of course, rely entirely upon the weight of your evidence. I have, of course, discussed everything freely and fully with the Earl of Lathom and Mr. Baird, and they agree with me that as four years of our business have now practically passed, they ought to see you personally, and hear from you how all is going on, and what our prospects are. We want you, therefore, at your earliest convenience, to come over to see us. We, of course, pay all expenses, and we will instruct you if necessary to draw for what you may require, but I feel quite sure that we shall do no good unless we see you and have your explanations upon all points.

It will be easy to do this, as Mr. Pinhorne will, by this time, have become pretty well acquainted with matters, and he can look after everything in your absence.

You will, of course, leave with him all the books and accounts connected with the ranch, or copies of such as you think it better to bring over the original here. We want to go thoroughly through all the accounts and all the transactions. The October round up will be over soon after you receive this, and we wish you to leave as soon as you can after that. *You will, of course, make all suitable arrangements either for taking your family east for the winter*, or so far as Mrs. Craig may wish.

Let Mr. Pinhorne have everything so that he may carry on during your absence as though you were there. As I thus shall soon hope to see you, it is useless for me to write on other subjects. I am glad to hear that you have a good man in Johnson. You will, perhaps, see and hear from Penrose and Rocan, and have the chance of a Winnipeg market this winter. With kind regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) ALEX. STAVELEY HILL.

The men who "had not been so loyal as I hoped they would be to us, and as, I think we deserved of them," were the men who, when they despaired of getting their wages, and seeing the sheriff in possession, left the ranch; and some of them were employed by the sheriff to assist in rounding up the cattle.

The kindly and thoughtful suggestion to take my family east for the winter was appreciated. Subsequent events showed the plot was well laid.

It will be perceived that all Mr. Hill's letters to me were friendly, always kindly remembering my family, but no business in them, confining himself to opinions of "old Quinn"—driving cattle 900 miles to Winnipeg, when we had a railway to carry them—disloyalty of cowboys deserting us—*but he has not penned a line to me relating to the financial condition of the company.* He is glad to hear from Pinhorne that *all is going on well*—that is that a *sheriff's sale is in progress.*

Probably the best solution of Mr. Hill's letters was given by some one who knew him and our affairs, viz.: "These letters are written by Mr. Hill for the eye of the directors. He has taken good care that no information of sheriff's sales or want of money will reach them through him, and when you write he has their ear, as well as their eye, to explain your letters—that accounts for it."

Mr. Hill had laid his plans to be carried out between his nephew and himself. The same date that he wrote the above letter to come over to England and meet the company Mr. Pinhorne sent me the following:

DEAR MR. CRAIG,—Will you be kind enough to let the bearer have my mail? I shall be in Macleod to-morrow, and shall be glad to know if you can meet me at Mr. Black's office, at 10 a.m., with a full statement of receipts and expenditures since October last, also with herd-book made up to date.

Yours truly,
(Signed) H. STANLEY PINHORNE.

The following day Pinhorne demanded all the money from the sale of cattle to be sent to Mr. Hill. My refusal to comply with his request and my cable to Lord Lathom, the reader has already been made acquainted with.

Before leaving for England, Frank Jones, the man I had sent to Montana to the spring round up for our cattle, arrived. He said that when the sheriff took away his horses he hired to one of the ranchers there, and stayed with the round up. The cattle and horses of the Oxley ranch were sold at "Grassy Lake," Montana, September 14th.

218 cattle sold, average, $26.50	$7,957 00
9 horses sold	437 00
	$8,394 00

"We had fully 1,000 cattle there. Were there *no* more sold? What was done with the remainder of the herd?" I asked.

"Two hundred and eighteen are all that turned up for the sheriff, and it is all the Oxley ranch will ever get. The brand is sold," said Frank.

"Then the result of the Oxley Ranch Company not paying Farmer's claim, unless through the sheriff's sale, amounts to a loss of over $21,900—the value of 600 cattle. Take the average price the others sold for, add to that the costs of the sheriff, etc., $4,000, and this makes a total of $25,900 on a purchase of $12,000."

"You haven't figured all the loss up yet," replied Frank. "There is an almighty bitter feeling among the cattlemen against your company, not only on account of the way they appeared to try to 'bilk' the men out of their money, but Farmer's death. If he had been paid when the money was due he wouldn't have had to take that ride. It was the first time that a sheriff and his force of men had to attend a round up in Montana to seize a company's cattle. The whole outfit of cowboys were down on the Oxley ranch, and it is not surprising that the result was a *loss* of their cattle."

I went to the book-keeper to get copies of such accounts as were necessary to bring to England. He said he had strict orders not to allow me either the books or copies. I applied to the judge, to whom I showed Mr. Hill's letters. The judge advised me to make a second demand, and if they refused he would grant me an order to take the books. This information reached Pinhorne. I was told by the book-keeper that I could copy what I wanted at the office. I met so much annoyance and trouble, which I was given for the purpose of preventing me from getting copies, that I took the book-keeper's advice and started without them, on his promise to send copies of them to my address, Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, London, within ten days.

Having Mr. Hill's letter, and Lord Lathom's cable message to come over immediately, both received on the same date, September 29th, I prepared for meeting the directors by writing out a report, reviewing the affairs of the ranch for the past twelve months, which I mailed to them before I left Macleod.

As the reader is already acquainted with the history of the company it is not necessary to record that report here. It concluded with the statement: "Up to the present time the company by their conduct have thrown away about $35,000—over seven thousand pounds sterling—wasted on sheriffs, exorbitant rates of interest paid to shopkeepers for borrowed money, having to keep men we did not need, not having money to pay them their wages. This did not include the loss of $21,900 through the sheriff's sale in Montana. The direct money loss amounted to fifty-six thousand nine hundred dollars.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN LONDON ONCE MORE—MEETING THE DIRECTORS.

Interview with Lord Lathom—I meet some of the directors—"What did you do with £60,000 I sent you?"—Interview with "Lords and Commons"—Number of cattle on ranch—Was he an ostrich?

NOW, I will ask the reader to accompany me to London to meet the "Lords and Commons," who prepared for me the necessity of conflict past and yet to come, through which I had been standing alone, but henceforth I hoped to be energetically supported by those on whom I was depending for a full and fair enquiry into the cause of the disreputable condition to which the company's business had been brought through want of money, and failure to keep promises with its creditors.

When I arrived in London a general election of members of Parliament was going on.

I called to see Lord Lathom, at 41 Portland Place. He said that as soon as Mr. Hill returned from his election contest there would be a meeting of the board, and he hoped I would be able to clear up matters. I replied, "So far as I am concerned I have nothing to clear up." I added that I would be glad to meet the directors, and hoped they would give me some explanation of the course they had pursued in Canada, and which I had brought before them in my report which I had sent just before leaving. Lord Lathom appeared quite friendly. I gave him my address, Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden.

Although I expected Mr. Hill would make the best possible defence of his conduct as managing director, yet I had not the slightest suspicion of his having any charges against me, except the accusation brought by his nephew, viz., that I had refused to carry out the wishes of the company in sending the money received for the sales of cattle, preventing additional sheriff costs, and holding the property until I heard from Lord Lathom. I was prepared to clear that up, but I was not aware of anything else that needed explanation on my part.

I did not, therefore, feel the least apprehension in meeting the board of directors. The reader will remember that Lord Lathom had been out at the ranch in company with Mr. Hill. I had frequent talks with him then about ranch matters, and, at his request, promised to write occasionally to him. More than all, perhaps, the reader will recall his resentment against Mr. Hill at Helena when he discovered, in examining the accounts, that we were in debt to "shopkeepers" for borrowed money. At that time he repeated his wish to hear from me about the ranch, and I may add that the lord's anger on that occasion was sufficiently fierce. The explosion

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MR. GEORGE BAIRD

Director of the Oxley Ranch, Limited.

alarmed me for a moment, fearing such a rupture between the "Lords and Commons" as might result in a break-up of the Oxley Ranch, Limited.

I thought if the knowledge of having to borrow money from shopkeepers for a few months to run the ranch was the cause of such indignation, he would insist upon a searching inquiry into the facts, since the ranch had been run since that time by means of much larger amounts borrowed from shopkeepers, to say nothing of writs, executions, and sheriff sales. Further, there were those connected with the directors whose names I thought he would protect, as well as the claims of his own position, from being mixed up with the disreputable history of the ranch.

I had been in London two weeks waiting for notice to meet the directors, when I received a letter, Dec. 15th, to meet them at Mr. Hill's office, 13 King's Bench Walk, Temple.

Lord Lathom, Col. Villiers, and Mr. George Baird were the only members present. I was informed that as Mr. Hill had not yet returned from his constituency, he could not be present, and our meeting would be informal, and not be considered as a meeting of the board.

Mr. Baird asked me why there had been no dividends, adding, "You represented to me when you were in England, at the formation of the company, that cattle ranching was a profitable business, and we might expect large returns from our investment.

I replied that it was "unreasonable to expect dividends from a company that did not supply money to carry on the business; that borrowed money from shopkeepers at one per cent. a month, interest added monthly, and in the hands of the sheriff most of the last twelve months."

Mr. Baird replied by asking another question, "What did you do with the £60,000 I sent you?"

"I never received any money from you," I answered.

"I gave it to Mr. Hill for the ranch," replied Mr. Baird.

Col. Villiers was very indignant at the mention of borrowed money and sheriff's sales, and exclaimed, 'What! Sheriff's sales? Borrowing money?"

Lord Lathom and Mr. Baird had nothing to say about sheriff's sales and borrowed money. It was not news to them, they both had my letters and reports. Col. Villiers may have felt justly indignant, and this may have been the first time the fact was brought to his knowledge.

Of course, all my communications were with Mr. Hill, the managing director, and also with other directors when matters went so far wrong that I thought the facts should be communicated to them. The other directors to me were Lord Lathom and Mr. Baird. I did not write to Col. Villiers for the following reason: —When Lord Lathom was out in '83 he gave me the first information as to how the new company was formed, saying: "The directors of the company are Mr. Hill, Mr. Baird, and myself, with our three wives, making six. It being necessary for the purpose of incorporation to have seven, I got my brother-in-law, Col. Villiers, to join us, making the number required." So when I communicated to directors other than the general manager (Mr. Hill) it was only to Lord Lathom and Mr. George Baird. I did not think it necessary, or proper, to trouble the Countess of Lathom, Mrs. Staveley Hill, and Mrs. George Baird with the unpleasant details of our business, and I had the same disposition towards Col. Villiers, who became a director in the way related by Lord Lathom. Col. Villiers and the wives of the other three directors may possibly have been kept in profound ignorance of the history of the ranch, and probably remain to this day in blissful ignorance of the ranching exploits of the acting directors.

I was again requested to meet the board on December 18th, at Mr. Hill's office.

There were only two present, Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill, who met me in a friendly manner. This was the first time I had met Mr. Hill since his visit to the ranch the previous year—thirteen months previously.

He began business at once by asking me how many cattle we had on the ranch?

I replied that "the books would give that information, and I supposed Mr. Pinhorne had sent him a copy, and written of what had transpired; also, that he (Pinhorne) took possession of the books and prevented me from getting copies."

Mr. Hill said that he had not received the books.

"You have the report I sent to you last March," I replied.

"All we want is to get at the total number of cattle we have on the ranch at present, and you can give us that from *memory*. You know the number you purchased each year, and the number of calves branded."

Mr. Hill then wrote down each year's purchase of cattle, with the number of calves branded in each year, as I gave the numbers from memory. The result was 11,129 head of cattle. He then turned to Lord Lathom and said, "You see we have, according to Craig's report, 11,129 head of cattle on the range." He was continuing when I interrupted him, saying, "I report nothing of the kind. You haven't deducted our sales, nor the sales made by the sheriff." Our books show about 7,500 head.

Mr. Hill cut me short by saying, "You are here to answer questions and not question us. I only want to know the total number of cattle we purchased, and the number of calves we have branded."

Lord Lathom, who had very little to say, suddenly rose up, and, looking at his watch, said, "Why, Mr. Hill, do you know it is nearly three o'clock? We must be going."

Mr. Hill informed me that I would receive notice of the next meeting, and the present board meeting ended.

There was not another subject mentioned. What was their object in figuring up from memory the total number of cattle and adding to that the number of calves branded, and not deducting the sales, and then asserting in my presence, and under my protest, that the total showed the number of cattle on the range? What I did not comprehend at the time was revealed before many months. There was more underneath than what appeared on the surface, as the reader will see later on. However, this gave me no anxiety then. I thought it was merely taking up time that could have been used to better purpose.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FURTHER MEETINGS WITH DIRECTORS.

I employ a solicitor—Another meeting—An impracticable demand—Planned scheme—The scapegoat—Lord Lathom is not at home—No reply—I retire from the field.

I HAD been in London for about six weeks without any further satisfaction or explanation forthcoming, though such as I had was quite enough to enlighten me upon what I was to expect in future from the directorate.

I then put my case in the hands of a solicitor in Great St. James street. He went through all the correspondence between me and the company, their history down to the present, including the meeting with Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill.

He said, "Mr. Hill is a lawyer and knows how far he can go and keep within the law. The board is Mr. Hill. The directors will be guided by him. You are entirely in his hands."

"Yes, I know, and the directors ought to know to their sorrow and shame the result of Mr. Hill's guidance. Surely they have had enough of it," I replied.

My counsel cheered me up by repeating that I was wholly in Mr. Hill's hands.

I was losing confidence in Lord Lathom. I had from the beginning of the troubles at the ranch arising out of defaulting in payments, sheriff's seizures, and sales, maintained that he would have the whole management sifted. I could not suspect his sincerity when at Helena he gave it to Mr. Hill so hotly for keeping me a few months without money, which I had to borrow to carry us on—when he said he wouldn't stand it—he wouldn't leave Montana until it was paid—and insisted upon Mr. Hill providing the money that evening before they left me. I have recorded how Mr. Hill managed on that occasion. I thought, if Lord Lathom was sincere then, and I believe he was, what about all that has occurred since? I felt in my heart that I could not accept the solicitor's view.

I said to my lawyer, "Lord Lathom's cable to me to come over immediately implied that I would get a fair hearing, and I want you to accompany me to the next meeting, when I hope they will all be present.

I received a letter from Mr. Hill to meet the board at his office, January 3rd, 1886.

My solicitor accompanied me at my request, but said, "I expect they won't consent to your having a solicitor; but I will go with you. They will see that you have assistance, which may be of some benefit to you."

The board meeting this time was confined to Mr. Hill and Mr. George Baird, his brother-in-law, only.

I introduced my counsel to Mr. Hill, who bluntly said, "We don't want any solicitor. Mr. Craig is our servant; we have sent for him to give us an account of our business to us."

The solicitor replied, "I have come here by Mr. Craig's request and shall retire, but before doing so let me say that Mr. Craig has placed his case in my hands, and as you will not allow me to remain, I wish to speak to my client for a few minutes before I go." We retired to another room.

My counsel said, "You see they won't allow me to be present. Answer all their questions carefully. Give them all the information you can that they ask for, and don't show any resentment. Keep cool, no matter what provocation you may feel, and when the meeting is over come to my office."

I returned, expecting a board meeting. Only Mr. Hill and Mr. Baird were there.

"Now," said Mr. Hill, "we want the accounts."

I replied, "You know I haven't got them, and also that I couldn't get them. Your own letter instructed me to turn over all the property and books to Pinhorne, but he took them under power of attorney before that. I had no chance to copy them. I was frustrated in every attempt I made to get copies by your nephew, whom you sent out with a power of attorney. However, I got a promise from the bookkeeper that such copies as I had asked for would be forwarded to me within ten days. I have been here over six weeks, and I haven't got them."

Mr. Hill replied, "Your visit here is useless without the books."

I answered, "You know why the books are not here, apart from any information I give you. There has been a deliberately planned scheme to prevent me from getting them."

Mr. Hill denied this with some warmth. Then his brother-in-law, George Baird, joined in, saying, they "had indubitable evidence that what I said was untrue," and he demanded the books.

I asked them if they had any reply to make to my report to the board which I had sent them before leaving Canada.

They had nothing to say about the report, and thus the meeting terminated.

It was Mr. Baird who asked me at our first meeting what became of the £60,000 he had sent. That matter was to be cleared up when Mr. Hill returned. He had nothing to say about it now, and it was never repeated. I think if George Baird had followed that question up, as was his duty, both to himself and the company, and all connected with it, it would have been disagreeable medicine for some one, but in the end more wholesome for the company.

The directors had evidently decided not to hear me. Some one must be sacrificed. The directors lent their support to Mr. Hill. It was more grateful to their feelings that Craig, the local manager, should be the victim, than Hill, the managing director. The scapegoat was selected. Mr. Hill had a free hand to prepare his ambush, and he used it with malice.

But, to resume, I called on my solicitor, and related what took place at the meeting. He said, "Up to the present Mr. Hill has studiously directed his plans to put you aside, and, being a lawyer, has been careful; but now the directors have put themselves in the wrong—in the legal wrong. They have demanded your accounts after Mr. Hill's letter and the power of attorney deprived you of them at Macleod. Mr. Hill knows you are deprived of them and yet demands them. But there is no use coping against Mr. Hill and his friends—the contest is unequal."

From my experience with the directors—the first meeting, when Mr. Hill was absent; the second with Mr. Hill and Lord Lathom; the third and last with Mr. Hill and Mr. Baird—it was evident that they had decided that they would neither hear me nor answer my report.

I wrote another report (or I should say my solicitor did for me). It was in a quieter tone and very much better than I could have done. It reviewed the affairs of the ranch before I left, and the directors' conduct to me since I had come to meet them; all subjects mentioned by them were clearly and fully answered. A copy each was sent to the Earl of Lathom, Col. Villiers, Staveley Hill and George Baird.

The solicitor said this communication would bring them out if it were possible to do so.

I waited twelve days and, receiving no answer, consulted again with my solicitor. He said, "They can't answer the letter. It covers all the points up to this time, taken together with what has been previously written."

My solicitor advised me to call on Lord Lathom (the man that I had depended on to see that I had got fair play), and ask for a hearing before I left for home.

I went to 41 Portland Place and sent in my card. He was not at home.

I went the following day—the same result. I went the third time—no better success—and then told the servant I would come again to-morrow at the same hour, or any other time which Lord Lathom would prefer—he had my address.

I received no word and called the next day, and was told very *emphatically that Lord Lathom was not at home, and that he had left no word for me.*

Then we wrote another letter and sent it registered.

To the Right Honorable,
The Earl of Lathom,
41 Portland Place, W.C.

MY LORD,—I have now made four calls to your Lordship's house to endeavor to see you, namely, on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday last, and again this morning. I was not fortunate enough to find you at home. Yesterday morning your servant informed me that he had given you my card stating that I would call this morning at 11 o'clock. This morning your servant informed me that your Lordship had left no word for me.

I only desired to see your Lordship to express the surprise that I felt that I had not received any answer whatever to my special letter to you and the other directors of the Oxley Ranch, Limited, dated the 12th inst., and of course I can only conclude under these circumstances that it is not intended to furnish me with any answer to that letter.

It is therefore my intention, having done all that I can do to discharge the object for which I have been requested by the directors to come to London, to return home at once.

I shall not, however, have left the Tavistock Hotel before your Lordship will have time to answer this letter if you think fit.

I, of course, reserve to myself the right to deal with the correspondence as I think fit. I am, etc.,

JOHN R. CRAIG.

Lord Lathom did not answer this letter, but Mr. Hill replied, saying he was about to bring suit against me for mismanagement.

I answered Mr. Hill, saying the directors had refused me a hearing, and they refused to answer my letters or even acknowledge the receipt of them. In future any communication they might have for me should be sent to my solicitor, and for anything further he must approach me through him.

The solicitor also wrote to Mr. Hill requesting to give particulars of the suit he threatened to bring against me; we were ready to answer him.

No reply came. I remained long enough to give them ample time to answer, otherwise they might allege I was afraid to meet their accusations.

I remained one month longer in London. Receiving no further answer, my solicitor said: "There is nothing more for you to do. You have faced them fearlessly and put them in the wrong. They have not kept their promise to give you a hearing."

In my judgment I thought I should expose the whole business there and then in London.

My counsel advised me against it, saying, "It would be of no benefit to you. Lord Lathom and Mr. Hill with the other directors are altogether too powerful for you to attack by an exposure."

So ended this visit to England to meet the board of directors of the Oxley ranch.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIFE IN LONDON.

Oliver Goldsmith's burial-place—Sight-seeing—Exeter Hall recalls the Kamoose Hotel—Two London confidence men—A slick job that didn't work—Detectives are a little late on the scene.

I HAD plenty of time for sight-seeing while comparatively alone in London during these months. While the directors of the Oxley Ranch, Limited, might have it in their power to injure or protect, I did not see why my disappointment should prevent me from seeing and hearing what I could in the great city. As the reader is aware, it was not my first visit, and I knew my way about pretty well.

I visited many old historic places. While walking through the Garden Court Temple one day with my solicitor, I asked him to turn aside with me to see the place where Oliver Goldsmith was buried. Some years previously I had seen in a little corner the marble slab just large enough for the words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith. Born 1729, died 1774." It then appeared as if the inscription would be obliterated soon by the feet of passers by.

I was now pleasantly surprised to see that appreciative hands had rescued the unobtrusive memorial from further decay by slightly raising the piece of marble and having the letters engraved more deeply. As we stood over it I was telling my friend of the improvement, and how pleased I was. He seemed very much interested, saying, "I am surprised and pleased, but not for the same reason that you are, at the attention bestowed on the grave, that a Canadian cattle rancher from the Rocky Mountains should show me, a Londoner, the spot where Goldsmith was buried, when I have passed within a short distance of it times without number, and not seen or known of it before."

The Parliament was opened by the Queen with the usual pomp and splendour of royalty. Lord Lathom, the Lord Chamberlain, escorted Her Majesty to the carriage, and also to the Palace on her return.

Simultaneously Alex. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., and his brother-in-law, Mr. George Baird, had a prospectus in the London papers floating the "Venezuela and Panama Gold Mining Company" on the market, capital £150,000. Everyone to his own vocation!

Sight-seeing and entertainment employed my spare time. On New Year's night, at the Albert Hall, I heard Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah. Just four years before in the same place I heard the same grand Oratorio. That was when I was in London promoting the ranching company. I also "took in" pantomimes, operas, theatres, and music halls, and, when I was otherwise inclined, Exeter Hall. I went there one night and was shown into a room for strangers. There was no ventilation, or very little. So stuffy was it that I was soon nodding asleep with many others who were trying to listen to a very sleepy address. When one got out into the fresh air he felt as if he ought to take something to get the nasty taste out of his mouth. In one respect it reminded me of the experience of the tenderfoot, who had pungent evidence of the bad sanitary state of the Kamoose Hotel at Fort Macleod, and remarked to Kamoose, the landlord, that the drainage must be very defective. Kamoose replied, "That cannot be possible. There is not a drain about the place."

If the week-days and nights offered opportunities for amusement and instruction, the marvellously quiet Sabbaths turned one aside from the roar and bustle—St. Margaret's Church, City Temple, or the City Road Chapel in the East End, erected by John Wesley, the venerable founder of the Society called Methodists, and other eminent sanctuaries needless to mention, gave opportunities for diverting the mind into calm and reverential devotion.

On February 8th I met what I thought a most appropriate experience in my London visit, which I think worth recording.

I ran up against two confidence men while walking through South Kensington Museum. I got into conversation with a very affable gentleman, quite communicative about himself and business. He said the London fog didn't agree with him, which accounted for a red flannel around his throat. He was tall and well-dressed; asked no questions, but drew from me that I was from Canada. Then he said that he was also a Canadian, and suiting the action to the word took out a card-case and presented me with his card—Gilmour & Son, Quebec. The name was very familiar to me as that of well-known timber merchants. After an exchange of cards, he asked me to call on him at the Langham Hotel, where he was staying with his wife and two daughters. They were on their way to Paris. He had a very large contract with the French Government to supply oars to the navy. There was no wood so well suited for that purpose as the Canadian white ash. I didn't know whether he was correct or not. By this time we happened to be near the door of a refreshment room, and I went in.

We were no sooner seated at a table than an old gentleman, whom I would take to be seventy years of age, approached and asked permission to join us. He appeared very nervous, and, like my new acquaintance, Gilmour, volunteered a great deal of information about himself and business. He said: "I wish I was at my home in the Isle of Wight. This is the first time I have been so far away. This is an awful city. I'll go crazy before I get through this business. I have been left £120,000 by my brother, who died in Philadelphia, United States. Any of you gentlemen from Philadelphia? If not you don't know this man (produced a card with the name and address of a lawyer in Philadelphia). He made out the will. The money is here for me in the bank, but over half of it is withheld until I can comply with certain conditions. I have to place £12,000 in the hands of responsible persons for distribution among the poor (here he drew out a huge pocket-book and showed us a pile of Bank of England notes, new and crisp). Now, you are both honest-looking gentlemen, can't you assist an old man? I am going to have some lunch, and I want you both to join me."

Neither Gilmour nor I had a chance to get a word in until now, and we both cheerfully assented to his proposal. I advised him to put his money away; it was very imprudent going about London with so much cash in his pocket. He kept up a running fire of talk to us. He said he was a happy and contented old man until the money came to him, etc.; he wouldn't give more than £500 to any one person. All he wanted was a receipt for the amount bestowed, and the receipt from the mayor of the city where the money was distributed. Gilmour gave him the name of the Mayor of Quebec. I gave him the name of the most prominent man in Macleod, Kamoose, who kept the hotel.

"Now, gentleman," the old man continued, "I will give each of you any amount up to £500, but I must see that you have a sum in cash equal to what I give you; that is a necessary precaution that I am giving money only to those who have money of their own."

Gilmour said that was fair enough. He would take £100, and offered a cheque. A cheque wouldn't do—he didn't understand cheques. Gilmour had cash in the bank, and mine was at the Tavistock

Hotel. The old gentleman paid the bill. Gilmour got a four-wheeler and we rode down to the city together.

I felt safe in the room at South Kensington, but not so secure in the four-wheeler with my newly made acquaintances, yet I kept hold of the bait, giving the old man advice. We pledged ourselves that the transaction should be carried out with the strictest secrecy. I suggested to go to Gilmour's bank first. Our old philanthropist said it would be better to first drive to a cafe on the Strand, where he would wait for Gilmour and me to bring our money. When we got to Trafalgar Square it was so densely packed by a great demonstration of working-men that we were blocked, but after making a detour we got to the Strand. The old man invited us in, and, to use a Western phrase, "set them up"—anything we pleased, he was "so glad to meet two honest men."

Gilmour suggested "fiz."

"Certainly—a bottle for each of us," the old man replied, but accepted my suggestion that one bottle was sufficient until we had transacted our business.

As the Tavistock Hotel was nearest we went there first. Mr. Taylor, the proprietor, was not in, but was expected in a few minutes. I asked for a blank cheque and filled it out thus: "100—Send for a detective —quick," and signed my name. The clerk took it and with commendable coolness said: "All right, I will have to wait for Mr. Taylor."

I brought Gilmour to my room, waited half an hour, returned to the office, and waited a little longer. Gilmour said he would go down to the Strand and wait with the old man for me. He hadn't gone five minutes when Sergeant Scandrett, of the Criminal Investigation Department, Police Station, Bow Street, W.C., arrived. I had to relate the whole affair before he would leave for the Strand. When we got there the barmaid informed me that my friends had left just about five minutes before we arrived.

When the request for a detective was received at Bow Street police office, every one that could be spared from the office was at Trafalgar Square, where the immense mob was gathered ; hence the delay.

We returned to the Tavistock, where I gave the sergeant a further account of my six hours' adventures with the rascals, and a description of their appearance and dress, from which he identified them as well-known confidence men. They were very clever, and operated in large cities on the Continent, as well as occasionally in London. They were known to the detective force. The one I thought an old man over seventy was in reality under fifty. The sergeant was greatly put out over the unavoidable delay that prevented him from getting around before they got away.

I had never before been selected by professional sharpers as a subject for their operations, and I felt indignant that they should think I could be made their victim, as such schemes can only succeed when worked on avaricious and shallow fools. Any confidence game is invariably first brought to play upon the victim's confidence and cupidity, then upon his credulity. However, I was somewhat consoled that the rogues had disbursed about twenty shillings in their effort. If it were possible to secure a list of all the confidence games that are successfully played in London or any city for one month, it would be found that the victims would comprise ten city men to one country man.

Taken altogether, the city "mark," whether the victim of confidence or cupidity, is no improvement whatever upon the country "mark." He is more numerous and he is quite as much a greenhorn. He is to be found in every circle of city life, from the highest to the lowest.

It was now a month since the last communication was received from the board, and that one was answered promptly. My solicitor said now that I had met the board fearlessly, and as they had refused to answer my communications to them, it was needless to remain longer in London. I therefore bade him good-bye, feeling very grateful for his timely counsel and assistance as well as for his caution in preventing me from rashness when I was provoked. Though he could not prevent the directors from doing me an injustice, there is no doubt his efforts to assist me had a very salutary effect upon them.

I had also another friend in Hereford Gardens, whom I had occasionally visited during my stay in London, and to whom I wished to say good-bye before leaving. To him I owe a debt of gratitude for the kindness I had received from himself and family. It is no betrayal of confidence to say that he was in possession of a great deal of the company's history in Canada, through the correspondence of a friend who lived near Oxley ranch. On taking my leave, he said he would not be surprised if within a few months some of the directors would view their affair in a different light and the result would be more favorable than the present indicated.

I returned to my family the latter part of March, after a four months' absence.

Although my visit to London had been a very great disappointment and loss, yet I was richer in experience. A well-known writer says: "Has some one defrauded you? Turn your loss into gain like Charles Lamb, who could say, 'Better that our family should have missed that legacy which old Dowell cheated us out of than be worth £2,000—and without the idea of that specious old rogue.'"

It is not necessary to relate any particulars resulting from the unenviable position I was placed in, further than to say that I was in a ranching country, almost remote, I might say, from civilization, with a young family; but no man need be overborne by disappointments. He can always do the next best thing.

I will ask the reader to consider the relative situation between the company and myself after my return home. They have just wound up the fourth year of their business, as has been related. The principal achievements had been borrowing money at one per cent. a month from shopkeepers (interest added monthly) in Montana and the North-West so long as their creditors would indulge them; money not supplied to pay for the large purchases of cattle until the sheriff was in possession, and closed up the year with a sheriff's sale of their property to satisfy an undefended claim of $12,000, which caused a loss of $25,900. I want this understood. The company paid the original claim by the sheriff's sale, and sent money to make up the deficiency afterward. The expenses and extraordinary Montana interest came to over $4,000. Six hundred cattle (how these were lost, see page 173), $21,900—total, $25,900. This was their last exploit for the year just ended.

These scandals, unparalleled in ranching circles, have brought the name "Oxley Ranch" into reproach. It is held in contempt throughout the North-West and Montana. Now, dismiss the local manager, advertise it for months in newspapers where these performances are well known. The disgrace will fall upon him. This company will be a family affair, with Craig out of it. Now, appoint the nephew of the managing director in his place.

No reasonable man can place any other construction upon their conduct, both at the ranch and in London, when they refused to listen or to say one word about the reports sent to them. If there is any doubt about it, it will be removed by what follows.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PHENOMENAL PROSPECTUS.

The document in full—Oxley Ranch offered for public subscription—Statements in the highly-colored prospectus examined—A snug profit—Corrupt promotions—A vindication—"*De mortuis nil nisi verum.*"

IT was not long after my return to the North-West that the following prospectus was published in several newspapers in London. The reader will see through this bold attempt of the unique managing director, with his confreres, to accomplish in their own country what they had failed to do in Montana. It forms a fitting sequel to the previous history of the company:—

(Copy of Prospectus.)

THE NEW OXLEY (CANADA) RANCH COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862-1863.

Capital, £120,000 in 10,000 shares of £12 each, of which 3,333 shares (being the largest number allowed by the rules of the stock exchange) will be allotted, with £9 10s. per share, credited as paid-up to the vendors in part payment of purchase money.

One thousand seven hundred shares have been applied for by the directors and their friends, and will be allotted in full at par; and the balance, 4,967 shares are now offered for subscription at par.

Payment—£1 per share on application.
£4 per share on allotment.
£4 10s. per share on the 1st June.

(Or under rebate at five per cent. per annum.) It is not at present intended to call up more than £9 10s. per share.

Directors.

The Earl of Lathom, 41 Portland Place, London, and Lathom House, Ormskirk.

A. Staveley Hill, Esq., Q.C., M.P., 4 Queen's Gate, London, and Oxley Manor, Wolverhampton.

Granville R. Ryder, Esq., Managing Director of the Land Securities Company, Limited.

George Baird, Esq., 13 Berkeley Square, London.

John Rae, Esq., Haddo, Laurencekirk, N.B., President of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance for 1884 and 1885

Manager (residing on the property), H. Stanley Pinhorne, Esq.

Bankers.

Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Company, 15 Lombard St., E.C.

Solicitors.

Messrs. Bowker, Peake, Bird & Collins, 6 Bedford Row, E. C.

Brokers.

Messrs. Beachcroft & Gordon, 4 Tokenhouseyard and Stock Exchange, E.C.

Secretary, J. E. Hodges, Esquire.

Registered Office.

Suffolk House, Laurence Putney Hill, London, E. C.

This company is formed to purchase and carry on the business of the Oxley Ranch, in Alberta, N.W.T., Canada.

The ranch was established in 1882, and has been carried on by a private company, of which the Earl of Lathom, Mr. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. George Baird are the largest shareholders.

The business of this ranch having been proved by its conduct by the private company to be a *highly lucrative and successful one*, it has now been arranged to transfer it to a public company, so as to enable the different interests to be determined and the affairs of the private company closed.

The ranch and ranges are situated within seventy miles of Calgary on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and were selected personally in 1882 by Mr. Staveley Hill, and leases were granted to him by the Canadian Government.

The property is 300,000 acres in extent, and is held under lease direct from the Canadian Government, having seventeen years still to run, at the almost nominal rent of £600 per annum, or about a half penny per acre. The grass is excellent, and the climate both in winter and summer, is eminently suited for cattle raising.

The herd has been gradually and carefully formed since 1882 (the last purchase being a considerable number of young cows about a year ago), and has since its formation been greatly improved in grade by the judicious admixture of bulls of the highest class specially imported from England.

The herd numbering, as per books, 11,129 head, composed approximately as follows: cows 6,283, steers 1,912, two-year-old and yearlings 2,534, bulls 400, is now fully matured and is in the most favorable condition for giving the largest return of profit.

For the protection of the company, however, the herd is to be purchased as containing 10,000 head only, at the price of 45 dollars per head, which number the vendors' guarantee, and will make good in case of deficiency, the company being entitled to any excess over the 10,000 head without any further payment.

The calves dropped since the autumn round up and unbranded are not to be charged for.

Herd 10,000 as above			at $45	$450 000
Horses	For ranch work 90. Brood mares, stallions and young stock.	600	at $70	42 000
Ranch buildings and outfit				40 000
Equal to £110,000.				$532 000

These are moderate prices and are readily obtained in the same district for cattle and horses of equal class.

These northern cattle must not be confounded with those of Texas. They are for the most part well-bred short-horns of a different class, and the selling price of the beef steers practically double.

The beef steers sold from the herd during the last two seasons have realized an average of sixty dollars per head, delivered on the ranch, the chief buyer being the Canadian Government for the Indian Supply Department and the Mounted Police.

The horse breeding is profitable. The unbroken horses readily sell for ninety dollars per head, and sales of unbroken horses have been made as high as $250 per head.

The ranch buildings are of unusually substantial and complete character, and much superior to such buildings generally.

Payment of the purchase money as shown above, £110,000, is to be made as to £20,000 in six per cent. debentures (or cash proceeds of the same) as to

£31,663 10s in the shares of this issue (£9 10s credited as paid up on each £12 share) and the balance in cash.

Mr. Staveley Hill selected the ranch and obtained the lease from the Canadian Government in 1882, and again visited and resided for some time on the property in 1883 and 1884, and Lord Lathom visited it in 1883. The property is fully described in Mr. Staveley Hill's well-known book, "From Home to Home."

The manager, who resides on the ranch, is thoroughly competent, and fully understands the business, and possesses the entire confidence of the present shareholders. Previously to his going out to this ranch he had considerable experience of stock-raising and agriculture in England.

The cattle having been purchased by actual count on delivery, the shortage of numbers so frequent in the cases of purchases by English and Scotch companies holding ranches in the United States cannot occur.

Another great disadvantage from which many of these companies suffered was that they possessed little or no land of their own, either freehold or leasehold. This company has its lease as before described direct from the Government, with a practical certainty of a renewal at the end of seventeen years.

The directors entertained the highest opinion of the prospects of this company, and believe that the shares form a safe and lucrative investment.

The vendors, the Oxley Ranch Company, Limited, who are the promoters of the company, pay the whole expenses of the formation of the company, printing, advertising and solicitors' costs up to the allotment of the shares.

The only contract entered into is dated 7th May, 1886, between the Oxley Ranch, Limited, of the one part, and the New Oxley (Canada) Ranch Company, Limited, of the other part; and this contract and the memorandum and articles of Association may be seen at the offices of the company.

Prospectuses can be obtained of the bankers, the brokers, the solicitors, and at the offices of the company.

Applications for shares may be made on the proper form, and sent with the deposit to the banker, or direct to the secretary.

In cases where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned to the applicant in full.

Subscription list opened on Thursday, 13th May, to close on or before Friday, 21st May, 1886."

The reader who has had the patience to follow me through the company's experience from its inception up to the present will, I think, agree with me that the directors herein published an ingeniously worded and highly-colored prospectus. It has been said that "courage and originality in mendacity will be appreciated anywhere."

The "Lords and Commons" failed in their attempt against the Montana cattle men. They were defeated with a loss of thousands. Now for a rigorous assault upon the pockets of the English investors!

They had their plans well laid to dispose of the business for $532,000 (£110,000). We will briefly refer to some of the statements. Take this one:

"*The business of this ranch having been proved during its conduct by the private company to be a highly lucrative and successful one.*"

A very bold statement to publish in the face of their experience, viz., that by the want of money to conduct the business they lost $56,900—about £12,000 sterling—the last year, which had been distributed among shopkeepers, lawyers, and sheriffs, etc.

"*The herd has been greatly increased by the judicious admixture of bulls of the highest class specially imported from England.*"

The importation consisted of twelve bulls from England, scarcely a sufficient number to greatly improve a herd of 11,129 head of cattle.

The next statement contains the pith of their elaborated prospectus:

"*The herd numbering as per books 11,129 head. For the protection of the company, however, the herd is to be purchased as containing 10,000 head only.*"

Herd 10,000 head at $45	$450,000
Horses 600 head at $70	42,000
Ranch buildings and outfit	40,000
	$532,000

I knew the number of the herd to be about 7,500 head.

The Oxley Ranch property would be accurately described as follows, viz:

Herd of cattle 7,500 head at $30	$225,000
600 horses at $50	30,000
Ranch buildings and outfit	15,000
	$270,000

A ranch business of $270,000 (£54,000) unloaded upon the unsuspecting public of England for £110,000 is a very snug profit.

Are the directors making an attempt to *discover* the £60,000 which Mr. Baird stated he had paid out to carry on the work of the ranch? It was held up somewhere, while all the trouble and loss was sustained. Again;

"*At the price of $45 per head, which number the vendors guarantee and will make good in case of deficiency, the company being entitled to any excess over the 10,000 head without any payment.*"

This is worded very adroitly, with desperate cleverness. It is the work of a financial gymnast. The vendors could supply the deficiency without any trouble, and profit over $10 per head by the transaction.

The next is a "whopper:"

"*The cattle having been purchased by actual count on delivery, the shortage of numbers so frequent in the cases of purchases by English and Scotch companies holding ranches in the United States cannot occur.*"

The cattle were not purchased by actual count, except two of the smallest purchases. The largest purchase for the ranch was made by Mr. Staveley Hill, the managing director, on book count. Three-fourths of all the cattle were purchased on book count. "From Home to Home," page 247, relates the first purchase for the ranch, viz.: "As I had finally arranged with him as to the price which I would give him for the ranch, cattle, and all about the place, or, as I said I would buy him out, 'lock, stock and barrel,' the agreement was duly signed, and possession handed over to Turner in my name." He did not see ten head of the herd of cattle estimated at 2,200 when the purchase was made. The statement that the cattle were purchased on count on delivery was absolutely untrue. Here is a further mendacious statement:

"*The company has its lease as before described direct from the Government, with the practical certainty of a renewal at the end of 17 years.*"

Here is a copy of one condition under which the lease is granted: "And should the Governor-in-Council at any time during the term hereby granted think it to be in the public interest to terminate these presents for any reason, the Minister of the Interior of Canada, on giving the lessee two years' notice, may cancel these presents at any time during the time hereby dismissed.

"*The property is 300,000 acres in extent, and is held under lease from the Canadian Government having 17 years still to run at the almost nominal rent of £600 per annum, or about a halfpenny per acre.*"

The rent was only a nominal £600 a year—a sum too insignificant to pay, until the amount ran up over £3,000, and then paid only when the Canadian Government got judgment against the Oxley ranch, which was a year or two after this prospectus was published!

If all the misrepresentations and absolute falsehoods were eliminated from this prospectus, there would be little left of it except the names and addresses of the schemers.

The directors working their schemes were over 5,000 miles from the ranch. The whole thing was plotted, published, and consummated before I saw a copy of the prospectus. I lost no time in giving information to those particularly interested regarding the fraud.

All cattle companies in Alberta that have been promoted honestly, and placed under intelligent, experienced management, have paid good dividends, varying from 12 to 15 and 25 per cent. A cattle company that does not pay an average of over 10 per cent. per annum needs looking after. There is something wrong.

"The directors entertain the highest opinion of the prospects of the company, and believe that the shares form a safe and lucrative investment."

We can retrospect on the lucurative investment. There has been ample time. Has the new Oxley (Canada) Ranch Company been promoted honestly? If so, with ordinary management, it has paid a good dividend on its capital of £120,000.

I have no personal knowledge what dividends they have paid, but I am informed on excellent authority that the company has not paid a fairly good dividend on a capital of £40,000.

A famous writer has said, "There are narratives which, whilst rigorously true, move amongst characters and scenes so remote from our ordinary experience, and through a state of society so favorable to an adventurous cast of incidents, that they would everywhere pass for romances, if severed from the documents which attest to their fidelity to facts."

Life in the North-West with the experiences and incidents connected with cattle-ranching under honest and prudent management we reserve to a separate section.

The reputation of Canada suffers through such management as has been described in the preceding chapters. There will be people in Great Britain whose only knowledge of Canada will be derived from their investment in shares of the new Oxley Canada Ranch Company, Limited, and who will be apt to judge of the country by their investments, which are likely to result in loss and disappointment and in discredit to the country.

. . . .

An address was given to the members of the London Chamber of Commerce by Mr. Stewart, a late official receiver under The Companies' Winding-up Act. In the course of his remarks Mr. Stewart said that it was estimated that the *annual loss from companies' failures did not fall far short of twenty million pounds sterling*, the cause of failure being excessive capitalization, the practice of proceeding to allotment of insufficent capital, and the employment of incompetent directors.

Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield, in the *National Review*, denounces the world of company promotion and trustmongering finance, as "a disgusting centre of corruption," and a "standing menace to commercial stability as well as morality." Above all things your company promoter supplies an evidence of social rottenness which revolutionary agitators will turn to account.

Mr. W. T. Stead, in *Review of Reviews*, says, "Public opinion must be roused. For this purpose the subject must be ventilated in the press and on the platform. The powerful interests opposed to reform must be fought with determination. The stock exchange must alter its procedure. The Companies' Acts needs revising. Most important of all, the criminal law should be strengthened, so *that the baser sort of company mongers who now too often enjoy seats in Parliament, or lucrative posts, may obtain entertainment more in accordance with their deserts at His Majesty's expense. Men who become involved in shady finance should be socially ostracised!*

One of the most striking features of promotion schemes is the ease with which the British investor is gulled by a Lord, and his Lordship's keen appreciation of his precious self, as was shown in the Hooley case.

Among the bills which have lately been introduced in the House of Lords is one (which we hope has become law) that provides for the reform of company promoting, making directors, promoters, and vendors individually liable for loss arising from false statements, and also providing a penalty of imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years.

Typewritten copies of the manuscript of this publication were sent by the author to all the directors, and the following letter with each copy, viz.:

"I am sending by this mail typewritten manuscript of "Cattle Ranching with the Lords and Commons" for your perusal and correction. If you can show me that I am in error in any statement I will be pleased to make the correction before publication."

I received no answer. There was nothing to correct. But, alas! since the manuscript was sent for correction some of the directors have passed away. In consideration of this lamentable fact, I have revised and eliminated some portions of the narrative.

Is there anything wrong done to the living or dead by publishing a truthful narrative of their public acts? This question is dwelt upon by that famous writer, De Quincey, as follows: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*: —This famous canon of charity ('*concerning the dead let us have nothing but what is kind and favorable*') has furnished an inevitable occasion for much doubtful casuistry. The dead, as those pre-eminently unable to defend themselves, enjoy a natural privilege of indulgence amongst the generous and considerate; but not to the extent which this sweeping maxim would proclaim; since, on this principle, in cases innumerable, tenderness to the dead would become the ground of cruel injustice to the living; nay, the maxim would continually counterwork itself; for too inexorable a forbearance with regard to one dead person would oftentimes effectually close the door to the vindication of another. In fact, neither history nor biography is able to move a step without infractions of this rule; a rule emanating from the blind kindliness of grandmothers, who, whilst groping in the dark after one individual darling, forget the collateral or oblique results to others without end. These evils being perceived, equitable casuists began to revise the maxim, and in its new form it stood thus: '*De mortuis nil nisi verum*' (*concerning the dead let us have nothing but what is true.*)"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CATTLE RANCHING.

Profits in ranching—Different ways of investment—Advice to an inexperienced investor—Probable profit from a purchase of 2,000 steers, placed on the range—Profits of an investment of $100,000 in a mixed and breeding herd.

THERE are several ways of becoming interested in the cattle business on the Alberta range. The intending rancher may commence by buying out a small herd, with the ranch and primitive equipments which accompany it, and from this nucleus build up by natural increase and additional purchases from time to time. To do this successfully, the investor must either have had some experience in the business himself or have secured the services of a competent foreman; or, better, both. Or, again, one may contract in Manitoba or Ontario for a given number of one and two year old steers to be delivered during the summer. Having previously made an arrangement for their herding for two or more years—for which he pays annually one dollar per head, including all expenses—all he has to do is to wait their arrival about midsummer, see them counted and branded, and then turn them loose upon the range. Or, thirdly, he may become a stockholder in one of the organized companies already existing, in which case he will probably pay full value for his shares, and, if the prices of cattle continue, will receive fair dividends from his investment.

If the second method is adopted, in accordance with the advice given above, we will suppose a purchase made, say, of two thousand steers—one half yearlings, and the other half two year olds, to be delivered on a range the following summer. These would be well bought at eighteen and twenty-six dollars, respectively. Now for the results of this venture, the most simple, easily managed, and conducted with less chance of loss, of any department of the cattle business:

PURCHASE.

1,000 head of yearling steers		$18,000
1,000 head of two year olds		26,000
		$44,000
Branding same, say		250
Two years' herding at $1 each per year		4,000
		$48,250
At the end of the second year sell 750 head of the older lot, which will then be four years old, to be delivered at the railroad shipping station at $45 per head	$33,750	
1,250 will then be left to be herded one year at $1 each		1,250
		$49,500

At the end of third year sell the balance of first lot, which will be five years old, viz., 200 head (allowing 5 per cent. for losses) at $45 per head....	$9,000	
Also 500 head of the younger lot, then four years old, at $43	21,500	
	$64,250	
Cost of herding balance one year.......		500
At the end of the fourth year sell remainder of herd, which will then be five years old, after deducting 10 per cent. for missing and losses, will leave 400 head, at $45 per head	18,000	
Add to cost incidentals................		1,000
Providing hay, first year..............		3,000
Total product of sales.................	$82,250	——
Total cost and expenses...............		$54,000
Profit at the end of four years, 60 per cent.		28,250
		$82,250

The drawback to investments of this character is the fact that constant renewals must be made by purchase or the business will soon run itself out. With the rapid advance which has taken place in the value of dogie cattle during the past few years, and the possible falling off in the price of beef, it may happen that the balance sheet for the next period may not present so attractive an array of figures. It is fair to state, however, that much higher profits have been realized during the past, when purchases were made fully 25 per cent. below the prices named above It is within my own knowledge that a profit of 100 per cent. has been realized within three years from the time of the original investment.

"BOXER," "BESS," AND "CHIEF."

The result of the first year's sale will no doubt have the effect of stimulating the somewhat timid operator into becoming interested in a permanent herd. He already begins to think that he knows something about cattle, and talks learnedly to those who are still more novices than himself of ranges and ranches, corrals and round-ups, brands and branding, although he has probably never been within a thousand miles of these. It is comparatively an easy and comfortable thing to figure up on a sheet of paper the cost of a herd, and the increase and profits after a five or six years' outlay. It is a very different thing to ride the range day after day for three or four months, in snow and rain and mud, or in the dust and heat; or, worse still, to face the blizzard of an almost arctic winter, when the thermometer ranges 20° to 40° below zero, and the wind blows a gale at fifty miles an hour. That cattle live and even flourish in such a climate, with no shelter to cover them, and with no food but the standing grass of last summer's growth, is one of the mysteries of the business. But the argument is a good one, that where the buffalo has found a home and a living for a thousand years, more or less, there may cattle likewise profitably range. At any rate experience has proved it, and herds now numbering hundreds of thousands peacefully graze where wild Indians hunted the buffalo or murdered the white man whenever a convenient opportunity offered.

As a matter of interest to those who are studying the pecuniary results set forth in this chapter, I will give the figures showing what would be the result of an investment of about $100,000 in a *breeding* herd at prices as they stand at the present time:

1901. Put on the range 2,000 cows, 140 bulls, and 1,000 one and two years old steers; cost $100,000.
1902. Will brand 250 steer calves and 250 heifer calves.
1903. Will brand 700 steer calves and 700 heifer calves.
1904. Will brand 700 steer calves and 700 heifer calves.
1905. Will brand 800 steer calves and 800 heifer calves.
1906. Will brand 1,000 steer calves and 1,000 heifer calves.
1907. Will brand 1,300 steer calves and 1,300 heifer calves.

Total increase, 4,750 head each of steers and heifers, the heifer calves of 1902, 1903 and 1904 raising progeny during the three following years.

INVENTORY AT THE END OF SIX YEARS.

1650 three, four and five year old steers, average value, $43 each		$70,950
800 two year olds at $32 each		25,600
1,000 one year olds at $18 each		18,000
1,300 calves at $10 each		13,000
2,450 cows and heifers at $30 each		73,500
1,000 yearling heifers at $20 each		20,000
1,300 calves (heifers) at $10 each		13,000
1,000 steers (original purchase) at $45 each		45,000
2,000 cows (original purchase) at $30 each		60,000
140 bulls		6,000
		$345,050
Ranch expenses first two years	$6,000	
Ranch expenses third and fourth years	8,000	
Ranch expenses fifth and sixth years	10,000	
Add 20 per cent. of the gross amount for loss during the six years	69,000	
		$93,000
Net value of the herd at the end of six years		$252,050

In explanation of the above estimate and figures, the calf product from a given number of cows on the range is estimated at 70 per cent., varying somewhat as the winter may be severe or mild. If the ranch expenses seem small, it must be remembered the outfit for the business is, from an Eastern point of view, of the most rude and primitive description.

If timber can be had within fifteen or twenty miles, a few hundred dollars will build the necessary pens or "corrals," and the "shack" or ranch itself is a one-storey log structure of two or three rooms, seldom consisting of anything more than an earth floor and a mud roof. Until within the last year horses have been comparatively cheap, a good saddle and bridle often costing more than the animal itself. Tin plates and cups, iron forks and spoons, with a waggon sheet for a table-cloth and the ground for a table, complete the outfit for the *regular* meals; but oftentimes these are a luxury, as frequently the cowboy is in the saddle twelve to fourteen hours on the stretch, with a bite from hand to mouth, caught at odd intervals, as his only sustenance.

As the allowance of 20 per cent. on the gross inventory for losses during the period of six years is a large one—and few ranchers would be willing to admit any such discount in selling or inventorying a herd—that sum will easily cover any increase in the running of the ranch not included in the estimate under that head. On the other hand, present values would largely increase the prices set opposite the different grades given above. While some classes have risen more than others, we could easily add 20 per cent. to the gross footings of the entire list, a corresponding increase, of course, being charged upon the original purchase.

It goes without saying that the result of investments as above given are based upon honest and experienced management. There are big profits in ranching both by companies and individuals.

The Calgary *Herald*, in a recent issue, has the following to say on the subject:

> "In view of the disastrous experience of some English companies who have invested capital in Western Canada, it is encouraging to note the excellent results which the Canadian Land and Ranch Company, whose head office is in London, England, is again able to show at the close of its financial year.
>
> For some years past this company, which is our largest ranching outfit, and which is managed by Mr. D. H. Andrews, of Crane Lake and Calgary, has paid its shareholders the very handsome profit of 20 per cent. per annum. The result of last year's operations, however, was so favorable that the directors were able to present the shareholders with the splendid profit of 35 per cent., represented by a dividend of 15 per cent. and a bonus of 20 per cent.
>
> "The net profit for the twelve months amounted to about $36,000, and, in addition to the dividends declared, a substantial sum was added to the Reserve Fund, which is now some $60,000.
>
> "British investors in the Territories and British Columbia have not always been successful.
>
> "The failures are, in fact, more numerous than the successes. But the fault has not been with the country. Mining, ranching, and other Western in-

dustries are money-makers if properly managed. It is to be regretted that too many Old Country ventures have been characterized by incompetence from first to last. Not only have exorbitant prices been paid for properties, but totally unfit men have been sent out to direct them. The Lister-Kaye fiasco, the Horne-Payne Syndicate, and the Le Roi speculation have furnished expensive but valuable lessons for the British investor, if he will only see them.

"The Canadian Land & Ranch Company has shown the British capitalist that an English company can succeed here, and succeed handsomely, if sound business methods and horse sense are infused into the enterprise. There are few businesses even in this prosperous Canadian North-West which can make a better showing than Mr. Andrews has been able to present to his delighted shareholders. *It is safe betting that with land values continuing to increase, the company has a still more prosperous outlook for the future. One thing it should prove conclusively, and that is that ranching in this country is a paying proposition.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.

Ranching and farming—Alberta not a one-crop country—Provincial pride and monumental boastfulness—The future of the North-West an interesting problem.

THE business of ranching has undergone and is still undergoing important changes. In the early days of the industry the number of operators was so small, compared to the grazing area available, that a man could homestead a quarter section and turn his cattle loose in hundreds without having any shade of title to any of the land on which his cattle grazed. On unsurveyed land he could, and necessarily had to, settle without title to any part of his grazing whatever. Now, however, owing to the rapid multiplication of ranching enterprises, large and small, it has become necessary for the rancher to protect himself from encroachment of neighboring ranchers by leasing large areas adjoining his homestead. The desirability of a ranch site is determined principally by the proximity of neighbors. It is quite plain that the average available area for each cattleman must be getting steadily reduced. The anxiety to control grazing areas has resulted among large ranchers in the straight purchase of lands.

Macleod district is in a state of transition. The Crow's Nest Railway came in five years ago, bringing the country in direct touch with the mining communities springing up in the mountains, and with the wave of settlement rolling along from the East.

The question presents itself, is there a probability of such an influx of immigration as will drive out the rancher? This depends entirely on the success of the farmer in raising crops. There is plenty of room for both the rancher and farmer.

The development of the country on the agricultural side would be a benefit to the rancher. The irrigation of considerable portions of Southern Alberta is making possible the obtaining of cultivated hay, and of more concentrated foods, such as the coarser grains, for the finishing of meat products. Instead of beef being reared and finished on grass and water alone, as it has been hitherto, it will be reared on the grazing lands and finished on the products of the farms. This will add to the producing powers of the country as a whole, rather than reduce them, and will make possible the selling of beef at any time during the year—in the spring as well as in the fall.

Nature herself will impose the grazing pursuit. The cattle industry is to be the chief portion and destiny of Southern Alberta, but not by any means the only source of wealth. There is being established a $600,000 beet sugar manufacturing plant near Raymond, a town largely the growth of last year, and this has sprung up through the moneyed influence of one man, a Mr. Knight. Alberta is not by any means a one-crop region. In a couple of years, if the Mormon colony's plans are successful, Raymond, which lies in Southern Alberta, will produce sugar enough for the whole Territory.

The Albertan slopes of the mountains are rich in coal, and iron has recently been found in a form of great purity. And so one could go through the whole list and show that there is scarcely a form of raw material for manufacturing, except perhaps hardwood, that Alberta does not possess in sufficient quantities.

Ranching has nothing to fear from the establishment of varied industries. The gain most worth considering will be in the home life and the character of the citizens. The best life of any community depends upon varied industries. No part of the Territories could maintain prosperity as regards the well-being of the mass of the people that relied upon the production of a single staple.

One of the most striking factors in the West is the intense spirit of territorial pride.* It seems to be the profound belief of every citizen that his territory is the best, and his district leads all others in the Territory, and the stream that waters his ranch has none equal to it in all the North-West. This conviction, engendered perhaps at first by a permanent investment and the spur of self-interest, speedily becomes a passion as strong in the newest territory as in any of the older ones.

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*I trust that I am not rash in forecasting that by the time this narrative reaches the reader, or not long after, Provincial government will be established.

This feeling is not only admirable in itself, but it has an incalculable political value, especially in the West, where there is some little haze as to the limitations of Federal power, and a notion that the constitution given us in the British North American Act was "swaddling clothes for an infant which manly limbs may need to kick off." "*Healthy and even assertive provincial pride is the only possible counterbalance in our system against that centralization which tends to corruption in the centre and weakness and discontent in the individual members.*"

It is a common remark in the West that "Eastern people know nothing about us; they think us half civilized;" and there is mingled with slight irritability at this ignorance a growing feeling of superiority over the East in force and resources. It is almost inevitable that in a condition of quick growth, unparalelled in the Dominion, there should be abundant self-assertion and even monumental boastfulness.

The future of the North-West affords an interesting problem about which those who know most are willing to prophesy least. The only thing that can be said with any degree of assurance is that the North-West Territories are at the dawn of a new and wonderful period of development. The rush of population long desired has now really begun. New schemes of all kinds are at their beginning. New railroads are being planned or laid; water power, the coming factor in trade, is being developed; the scarce scratched natural resources are being attacked.

Untold mineral wealth, forest areas, and lands fertile beyond imagination wait the coming people. The Canada of the East may never fully realize the dreams of its friends; the sectionalism and corruption of much of its provincial politics hang heavy upon it. But the West starts free, a great land and for a new people who will be able to bring into actuality those high hopes of general prosperity which in an older world must still remain faint visions.

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS.

Arrival of an emigrant party at Macleod in 1902.

AN EXCURSION TO THE CROW'S NEST PASS.

CHAPTER I.

The outfit—Some remarks on ranching pupils—The journey—A beautiful camping ground—The Old Man river—Botanists—An Indian visitor—The Indian problem—The red man advancing—Camp-fire conversation.

AN excursion to the Crow's Nest Pass with the family had been under consideration for some time, and a leisurely camping trip, with visits to ranching acquaintances on our way, met with unanimous approval.

Although the Pass in the Great Divide of the Rockies was not more than forty miles from the ranch as the crow flies, yet our nearest possible waggon trail traversed over one hundred miles, leading to the south of the Porcupine Hills, up the Old Man valley, and by Pincher Creek settlement.

The outfit required two waggons, one for the family, and one in charge of the cook. The cook, known familiarly to the cowboys as "Bear Paw," was an old-timer who knew all the trails, rivers and fords.

The ladies had their ponies and saddles also to use when a change was desired, and no outing was undertaken in those days without the noble dog "Boxer," a retriever, and his companion, the little fox terrier "Bess." Six gentlemen, with their horses, contributed to the number, giving us fourteen horses in all.

"Cynicus" joined the party and took charge of the saddle ponies. He was a "pilgrim" who had gone through an English school life, and was now in training for a ranch life, assisted by an annual remittance of one hundred pounds. He gave his work in exchange for his board and instruction. His saddle horses were supplied. He provided his own saddle, according to the usual custom. He was not what is known as a paying ranch pupil, that is he did not pay for the privilege of working. His remittances came in half yearly, and were often anticipated quite a while in advance. He was not of the "wild and woolly" sort, just a trifle free on occasional trips to the town, which were followed by a day or two of contrition. During these seasons of penitence he would give vent to his feelings by expressing in strong adjectives his thoughts concerning the unaccountable ease with which his money had parted from him, and the deplorable physical condition in which he found himself. He was at times given to adverse criticisms of the country, the climate and everything in general. From the frequency of these cynical moods he came to be dubbed "Cynicus" by his cowboy companions, and the name stuck to him. Notwithstanding this, from having a splendid physique, and being a good all-round athlete, accompanied by a good-natured gentlemanly bearing, he had what these qualities will always command, the respect and good-will of the cowboys.

I may say here that there has been in some quarters unsparing criticism of what is termed the injustice of bringing young fellows from the old country to the ranch and charging them for their education. It is contended that the work given by the pupil should be ample compensation for his board and any instruction he receives.

Of course there are different kinds of pupils, but experience has proved that on a cow ranch the average youth, or any youth, from the old country will, during the first year or two, fail to see, through inexperience, where loss could easily have been prevented, and he would not have known how to prevent it if he had observed danger, besides the occasional mistakes made while performing the routine of multifarious duties.

The cattle ranch earns what it receives for instructing the ranch pupil, and the ranch pupil usually receives full value for the amount paid in the experience he gains. These reflections are not applicable to the farm pupil. The difference is obvious.

From our ranch at the leavings of Willow Creek, we took a course directly south without any trail. Keeping along the base of the Porcupine Hills, we crossed Meadow Creek and Trout Creek, clear mountain streams, alive with speckled trout, where some of the parties with the ponies tarried with rod and line. The family waggon and the cook's waggon rolled along in advance to the camping-ground on the Old Man river, near the boundary line of the Piegan Indian reservation, where we arrived while the sun was yet visible over the mountain horizon. The harness horses were secured on picket. Bear Paw had a crackling fire ready for the frying-pan, and steam issuing from the kettle within half an hour, when the five hungry riders who had tarried at the trout streams arrived with a good catch of delicious trout.

Although we had several hours before night set in, yet the time passed quickly. One is reasonably certain of good weather for camping out in the months of August and September. Then you are late enough to escape the attacks of flies and mosquitoes, which earlier in the year make things disagreeable for both the campers and their horses. From the last of September there are snow-storms to be met, or an occasional high chinook blowing a gale of such violence that a tent often becomes unmanageable.

A more beautiful view than that enjoyed from our camping-ground on the Old Man river valley is not often seen. The valley has an average width of not over two to three miles; it is level, clothed with grass, and flanked by elevations that swell up to plateaus. Through the valley the Old Man, clear as crystal, and varying in its width, comes down like a ribbon of silver. Looking westward towards its source, eighty miles distant, but seemingly not more than twenty, you see the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, snow-clad and sparkling in the sun. The far prospects are magnificent, and the whole rolling grass covered country is beautiful.

The ladies of the party were out in search of flowers native to the locality. C—— had collected during the past years every distinct variety of the flora to be found on the prairie. They were pressed and classified under the botanical names by which they were known.

As we sat around the door of the cook's tent in the cool of the evening, no voice or sound was heard save the music of the Old Man close by.

Presently Bear Paw gave his pipe a rest, and broke the silence by saying, "It is very seldom that I made camp in any Indian country but that an Indian appeared very shortly on the spot."

"I suppose, then, we may expect a visit from some of them before we leave," replied Cynicus.

"Yes," said Bear Paw, "The visitor is here now"; and at that moment a Piegan Indian stood before us, while a short distance away stood his calico-colored cayuse.

Bear Paw added, "There is nothing wonderful about an Indian coming to a camp; but it is strange how they will get in on you, as this Indian did, without being seen. This Indian with his cayuse came in unobserved from the open prairie. Sometimes they appear as suddenly as if they came up out of the ground."

"That is easy," said Cynicus. "For ages the

Indian has lived solely on the game he has hunted. The stealthy, lithe motion necessary to his life is bred in him—it is hereditary."

"There are many other traits peculiar to the Indian," remarked Mr. Olney. "He is an excellent judge of people, and usually sizes up the white man with wonderful intelligence."

Our Indian visitor, who had kept a listless, silent attitude, found speech in one word, "Tcistema," producing his pipe.

"That is meant for you, Cyn.," said Bear Paw; "he wants some tobacco, and he has judged you to be the most generous and capable man in this outfit—the major domo."

"I appreciate the intelligent discernment of my aboriginal friend," said Cynicus, dividing a piece of Myrtle Navy with the Indian, who quietly smoked, silently watching us the while in the solemn, shy manner peculiar to his race.

"Those Piegan Indians have one of the finest parts of this country for a reservation," said Bear Paw.

"All the Indian tribes in Alberta have been given reservations of their own choice, granted to them under treaty with the Government," said Mr. Olney. "They are supposed to remain on their reservation and receive rations from the Government. Each tribe is in charge of an officer known as Indian Agent, who has under him a staff of assistants."

"It appears to me," said Cynicus, "that these Indians should be made to earn their own living. They should be compelled to support themselves.

The present system encourages them in an indolent, inactive life."

"The Indian has been badly used," said Olney. "Consider that the land we are camping on and all the territory has been his. The millions of buffalo and other game were his, and had been his food, clothing, and shelter for ages. The buffalo robe gave him material for tent and clothing; the flesh was his food. Civilization has destroyed the game, and cut off the only means of support known to him. Then this civilization takes away his land. The next and final step might have been to wind up the Indian question by exterminating the race, as I have sometimes heard it flippantly remarked, 'There is no good Indian but a dead one.' The Canadian Government entered into a treaty with the different tribes, giving to each a reservation. This Piegan reservation contains 181 square miles, or 116,000 acres. They number 518 and are decreasing—fading away. The Indians of the Blood Agency numbers 1,250. They also are decreasing. Their reservation contains 350,000 acres, fairly well utilized with their horses and cattle, which number about 6,000 head. Their cattle are increasing rapidly, which brings the tribe within a measurable distance of being self-supporting. They have their own waggons, horses and harness. The Blackfoot Indians also are decreasing. They number 900. Their reservation contains 470 square miles. They also are becoming industrious, and many of the able-bodied are earning more than their own living by farming and mining coal. The wandering nomadic life of this people was changed to a fixed abode on the reservation. Neither they nor their ancestors had ever been subjected to any such restraint. They are now exchanging the blanket for the white man's dress. This change has been made within a few years. The Indian tribes in Alberta are marching up to civilization with great strides within the last few years. Honest administration and Christian effort are bettering their condition."

"They are making very little use of their splendid agricultural land," replied Cynicus. "Would it not be better if the reservations were sold and the proceeds applied to educating the Indians, so as to set them up in a self-sustaining existence?"

"They are being educated to become self-sustaining," said Mr. Olney. "And not for one or two generations should any of the reserves be sold, unless where they border too closely upon a city, as for instance the Sarcee reservation, within a few miles of Calgary. That band of Indians could be removed to mutual advantage. Viewed at close range the Indian is not a romantic object."

The arrival of the botanizers closed the Indian discussion.

C—— said they had found a great many varieties of flowers, but none new to add to her collection.

E—— had found a jet black stone near the river, smoothly rounded by the action of the water, which she produced, saying: "I think this must have come from a coal mine, and when the mine is discovered I should have an interest in it."

"Yes," said her sister M——, "we will send in your application for a coal mine to the Government. I don't know the correct form, but it will be something in this manner: 'A claim for a coal mine somewhere on the Old Man, discovered by E——, British subject, ten years of age.'"

"I don't think it necessary to state my age," replied E——.

"I think I saw some declaration you have to make, stating your age and that you are not an Indian," said M——.

"I see! You are mixing up politics with coal mines," remarked Mr. Olney.

The sun had now barely sunk below the edge of the silver-tipped, serrated peaks of the Rocky Mountains; it was getting on to ten o'clock, and still clear, bright light. The campers were so well prepared for rest and sleep by the day's exercise that a coyote serenade in barks, yelps and howls at close range received only a moment's attention.

Even in the summer months there is never a night that a blanket is not necessary. The elevation here is three thousand feet above sea level.

CHAPTER II.

Livingstone Range and Chief Mountain—A devious trail—Something about trails in general—Dunbar's Ranch—Western hospitality—A pioneer's reminiscences and success.

WE have sunrise view on the prairie and sunset view on the mountains. The botanists are not interested in the sunrise view. The few years in the North-West have worn off the novelty. They allow the sun time to warm up the chilly air before they make their appearance.

Bear Paw prepares breakfast, while Cyniçus and his staff of assistants change the horses on the pickets.

Mr. Brant, an old acquaintance but a new arrival from Ontario, was a member of our party. He was looking through the country to select a homestead to which to bring his family. As our friend stood gazing with manifest admiration upon the scene this morning, he exclaimed: "I never saw a more delightful view or breathed such delicious air. What is the name of that range of mountains we see the sun shining on away to the west?"

"That is the Livingstone range," replied Olney. "That great square peak you see to the south-west standing out so prominently is Chief Mountain, over one hundred miles distant, and is on the boundary line between Canada and the United States."

It was well on in the day when we started westward over the treeless prairie, following a very devious trail around impassable coulees, and looking out for passable crossings over the numerous small streams which intersected the trail.

One is said to "hit the trail" when he pulls out of town or camp, or starts on a journey with pack-train and saddle-horse over the prairie. The trail is splendidly described by Hamlin Garland as follows:

> "It is a narrow path like a cow-path, capable only of receiving horses in single file. It is only twelve or fourteen inches wide on dry ground, and may be merely a smoothing of the ground, or it may be worn ankle deep by man and beast. It may be one mile or a thousand in length. It is apparently aimless. It seems to go nowhere, except in most difficult places; yet it is by no means lawless; it has designs, it ultimately gets there. It accomplishes wonders.
>
> "No one man laid out these primitive paths. They are the result of the joint judgment of generations of men. In the case of old trails they are the product of centuries of travel by the red men who camped in the trackless waste many days in order that the trail should go right. Almost every river and canyon of the North-West has its Indian trail, forgotten, it may be, by both white men and red of this generation, trod only by the berry-seeking bear or the migrating elk.
>
> "These trails cross the range at just the proper point. The white hunter sees this; the engineers follow the hunters, and the palace car rolls after.
>
> "The trail is poetry; a waggon road is prose; the railroad, arithmetic."

Our trip was converting the poetry of the trail into the prose of the waggon road as we continued our journey along the southern base of the Porcupine Hills, over rich pasture land, leased from the Government by an English cattle company for grazing purposes.

We saw only two settlers' buildings during the day's travel. We drew aside to one, as the abundance of grass and water offered an inviting camping-ground. This ranch was owned by Mr. Robert Dunbar. We were met with unbounded hospitality. The ladies of our party were taken in hand by Mr. Dunbar's family, and treated with as much kindly attention as if they had been expected friends who had returned after a long separation. Our coming was evidently an event to them. There was very much to talk over.

In those days the isolation and loneliness was one of the trials of ranch life, especially to the wives and daughters. The few families in the country were too widely separated for frequent visits.

Mr. Dunbar's ranch is finely situated on a southern slope. A clear sparkling spring, giving an abundant flow of water, issued from the rocks on the hill-side above the house.

"And such a garden of vegetables!" exclaimed Mr. Brant, our Ontario 'pilgrim.' "Every variety! I don't know that I ever saw a better crop of vegetables in Ontario."

"I can believe that," replied Mr. Dunbar, "for I

THE CROW'S NEST.

have lived many years in Ontario. I was one of the pioneers of Wellington county, and no better crops were raised in Ontario than were produced there. And I never saw there any crops better than those we raise here."

"I think," said Mr. Olney, "that the cheerful looking stream flowing by has been an important factor in producing such a splendid growth."

"I admit that," replied Mr. Dunbar. "Although the fertility of the soil is very great, yet irrigation is necessary in dry seasons to ensure a good crop."

And now supper is ready.

"How did you make the journey to this place?" asked Mr. Brant. "You must be fully 2,000 miles from your late home, and you arrived here before the railway. You have gone as far west as the mountains would allow; you are on the very boundary of civilization."

"The mountains stand in the way of our going any farther west," replied Mr. Dunbar, "but we had this place located on the map before we commenced our journey by railway to St. Paul. From there we came by steamboat up the Missouri to Fort Benton, Montana, the head of navigation. We remained one winter in Montana. The following summer, 1883, we came to this place by the 'prairie schooner.'"

"You will have a valuable block of land, as each of your sons with yourself can homestead one hundred and sixty acres, and may, I understand, purchase another one hundred and sixty acres with each homestead."

"Yes," said Mr. Dunbar, "and, as you observe, it is all ready for the plough. Compare this situation with what we old timers or pioneers of Ontario experienced. There we had to hew our way, tree by tree, and clear off a few acres year by year, until with many years of hard toil we had enough of cleared land to be called a farm."

"And the stumps of the trees would remain for some time, so that the comparative ease or rest, which was supposed to be attained when farming cleared land, might be approached gradually," remarked Mr. Brant, adding, "I suppose you were born in Canada."

"No, I was born in Templemore, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1815. I emigrated with my parents to Canada and settled in Wellington, Ontario, where I was married and raised a family of two daughters and nine sons. I am threescore and twelve years of age, and happy when I look around me and see what is already provided for us, with the land of such rich quality ready for the plough. I am grateful that I have been spared to see this day when my younger sons are to be settled so advantageously around me."

A tear glistened in the eye of the "grand old man" as he feelingly expressed his gratitude for the prospects awaiting his "boys," as he affectionately called them.

"You have a great advantage through being the first settler. You have your choice of location."

"Yes, we are favored in that respect; but an English cattle company has been granted a lease of one hundred thousand acres of land, at an annual rent of one cent per acre per annum, which covers most of the land in this locality. The manager is disputing our right to settle; but as we were here before the lease was granted to them, I have no apprehension of any trouble, as the rights of settlers before leasing are protected by the Government; yet at the same time it is a fly in the ointment."

CHAPTER III.

Bear Paw captain and cook—Division of labor—Large herds of fine cattle—Porcupine Hills—Mountain streams and "cut banks"—A word for the water front—Cynicus comes to grief with a mired cow.

BEAR PAW, who frequently had officiated as captain of the round up, was strong on discipline. His qualification in that respect, as well as the more important one of cook, made him a desirable captain of our party, to which office he was appointed before the trip was undertaken.

Each man in camp had his duties assigned by him in the following manner:

"Cynicus, you will be horse wrangler. Take charge of the horse herd, keep one horse saddled and secured close to camp."

"Mr. Olney, you will direct our course, pilot the trail, and select the camp ground."

"Mr. Brant, you will make a very good cook's assistant. You will assist in rustling for wood and packing water when needed."

"The other gentlemen, in addition to attending to their own horses, will take charge of the ladies' horses, and assist the horse wrangler."

"You will find," said Bear Paw, "that even a camping party runs a lot smoother by each one knowing what they are expected to do. It comes next to knowing how to do it."

We left the Dunbar ranch betimes in the morning. Nothing could exceed the kindly manner of this worthy family. I fancied they were loth to have us go.

We continued our journey, gradually ascending. The Porcupine Hills on our right in some countries would be dignified by the name of mountains. They attain an altitude of two thousand feet in ten miles. They look brown and bare in the distance, but from their base to summit, from the valleys and canyons to their highest elevation, there is a luxuriant growth of bunch grass. In these hills the cattle find the best winter range in the territory.

We rode through large herds of cattle which roam this range summer and winter. They were in the "pink of condition," rolling fat, as only range cattle can get on grass towards autumn.

"These cattle are a grand sight," exclaimed Mr. Brant, as he rode around a bunch of matronly cows with great fat, smooth calves accompanying each one; "but to me the grass looks so brown and thin and ugly, that I would not take it from appearance to have any nutriment in it."

"You would soon get used to this brown prairie grass, get to like this brown color as well as the green when you knew it was cured hay—your winter feed, standing, cured by nature without any labor, to feed and keep your herd throughout."

The guide of our party selected a most peaceful and exceedingly pretty location in the valley of the Old Man river.

One seldom hears the word valley used when applied to the land along the mountain streams. *Bottom* is the western description, and conveys more accurately the formation of the land between the banks of the mountain streams, as they have cut deep channels in their rapid passage, leaving high and steep banks, in many places perpendicular, when they are called "cut banks."

These "cut banks" on some streams continue without any interruption for long intervals, where stock cannot get down to the water. It is only at lateral openings made by small streams or coulees that cattle can get to the river bottoms. It is of vital importance to the live stock industry that these entrances to water should be kept under Government control. Neither settlers nor cattle companies should be permitted to monopolize the water front of the grazing country.

There was an air of leisure about the expedition which was heightened by the calm, quiet evening.

We missed Cynicus, and there was some apprehension that he might miss the opening where we came down to the river, and so miss our camp; but our concern for him was allayed by his riding up—his horse and himself bespattered and bedaubed with mud from head to heel.

"Where in the name of Christopher Columbus have you been?" called Bear Paw, as he emerged from his tent, "I haven't seen that much mud for a year."

"I can assure you I came by it honestly. I discovered a cow inextricably involved," said Cynicus, looking wofully over himself and his horse.

"A cow! and what did you say did it?"

"I saw a cow seriously involved and I attempted to extricate her. I threw my rope over her horns and tried to pull her out with my horse."

"Oh, I see, a cow mired down. Well, picket your horse out and get supper."

"I have nothing to tie up with, my lariat is on that cow—I could not release it," replied Cynicus. "I thought the brute was in such a helpless condition that I could control her by holding her horns while I unloosed my rope which had been drawn very tight in the effort to pull her out; but when I seized her she threw me most viciously into the mire."

After Cynicus was revived with a hot supper, he directed Olney and Bear Paw to the involved cow. She was found in one of those alkali springs which crop out occasionally near the foothills. This one was about twenty feet across, its depth unknown.

The united efforts of the three cow ponies brought the mired cow out on to dry ground.

Though Cynicus was a muddier, he was a wiser man from this experience. Bear Paw praised him for his pluck, and mildly censured him for lack of judgment, and also gave him what was due to him—credit for saving a cow. He added, "You have learned one lesson in cow punching you won't forget, if you follow the business the rest of your life. Never give a range cow a chance to get you on her horns—they are always on the prod while there is any life in them."

It is only in spring time that cattle are liable to venture too far for their safety.

CHAPTER IV.

Pincher Creek—Among hospitable friends—A splendid district —An inquiring visitor.

ANOTHER morning dawned bright and calm. A few hundred yards from our camp we forded the rapid, clear blue waters of the Old Man, opposite the mouth of Pincher Creek, and over the place where the prospector's pinchers, which gave the name to the mountain stream and the surrounding country, were found in 1864. Presently we entered upon the Pincher Creek settlement, where, as we drew near to town, we found ranch houses and wire fences in evidence of a closely-settled district.

The old easy trail, which always followed where the least resistance offered, had been superseded by the arbitrary lines of the roadway laid down by the surveyor.

We secured a camping-ground near the stream, by the permission of the owner of a six hundred and forty acre field, which was enclosed by a barb-wire fence.

We visited here among our friends, making our home with Mr. Morden's hospitable family, who are the earliest settlers, the pioneers, of Pincher Creek.

There were also the late Judge MacLeod, the first stipendiary magistrate of the Territories, Major John Stewart, of Ottawa, Captain Scobie, John Herron, C. Kettles, C. Geddes, and F. W. Godsal.

There is no fairer land in the Territory than the Pincher Creek district. The country is gently undulating and all covered with rich pasturage. Where the sod has been broken there is exposed a rich alluvial soil. It was here the Government operated a farm for some years. In 1882 I visited this farm with Mr. Staveley Hill, and saw a crop of oats which had just been threshed, and which gave a return of four thousand bushels. It was a volunteer crop—that is, there had been no seed sown the year the crop was harvested. It seeded from what was shelled on the land the previous year.

During our stay here Mr. Brant, accompanied by some of the young men of our party, made a prospecting tour of the surrounding country. The cook and Cynicus held the camp, and entertained an occasional ranching visitor who called to have a chat and learn the object of the party's visit among them.

In a new country it is the custom to freely enquire who are travelling and where they came from, and their destination. Enquiries of that nature are usually answered without reservation.

"Are you people land hunting?" asked a caller, the village doctor from the Creek, as he seated himself for a chat and a pipe.

"We want a few homesteads for this outfit," replied Bear Paw. "Can you give us a pointer where we can locate a ranch with plenty of open water?"

"I don't believe you will find such a place as you want within a good many miles; all such locations are settled upon."

"Well," replied Bear Paw, "if your country is settled up so closely it is done for stock ranging, and I would not care to locate. I don't intend to join the pumpkin-rollers just yet."

"That is what the ranchers are coming to here in this locality," said the doctor. Then turning to Cynicus, he asked, "Are you going into ranching?"

"No, I am a 'wrangler' at present."

The visitor appeared puzzled for a moment, but asked, "Cambridge or Ox——?"

"Horse," replied Cynicus.

CHAPTER V.

Fine ranches—The last habitation outside the Rockies—Grim grandeur—A Scotsman's comparison—Arthur's Seat recalled—Sulphur water—Bad road, but beautiful mountain scenery—The mountain camp.

We continued our journey upward into the foot-hills. At the Alberta ranch we accepted Sir Francis de Winton's invitation of a month previous, when he spent a day with us on his way out from England.

We camped here for two days, where we met Lord Boyle, one of the directors of the ranch, and the first elected representative of Southern Alberta to the North-West Council, and Mr. Duthie, the manager. The ranch is splendidly situated for utility. The grass, water and shelter for the stock are lavishly in evidence, and the scenery here, literally under the shadow of the Rockies, along the wooded foot-hills, would exhaust many fine adjectives to describe; and the same may be said of the location of the ranches of Brooke and Alfrey, the Garnetts, Wilmotts, and Beauvais.

Here civilization ends with the last habitation of the old timer, John Lees, by Lees' Lake, at the entrance to the pass. We camped at this point and had a row in a small boat. The water is absolutely clear down to the pebbly bottom, which can be seen to a depth of from ten to fifteen feet.

The main trail is nothing to boast of. Up hill and down dale, regardless of gradient, makes a waggon journey rather a perilous adventure; but even the danger can hardly distract from the grim grandeur and multiplying variety of the landscape.

Behind us now lies the bristling Porcupine range. In front rises, high and clear, the tremendous bulk of Turtle mountain. The outline of the turtle's back, indented at regular intervals, is curiously correct. The trail wheels to the left and approaches the turtle's tail. He seems to be squatting back to back with a lion.

"A mountain uncommonly like Arthur's Seat," remarked Mr. Olney.

"I don't know what Arthur's Seat is, and I don't remember ever hearing the name before," replied the Ontario pilgrim, as he gazed upward, and added, "If it has any resemblance to that awful height and form it will be something majestic."

"Arthur's Seat is a picturesque hill overlooking Edinburgh to the south-east. It is over 800 feet high, and commands a magnificent prospect," said Mr. Olney, and added, "I climbed that hill once. It appeared to be an easy undertaking, and I went at it with considerable vigor; but before I landed on the summit I found I had undertaken as much as I would care to negotiate. But, look!"

Standing out boldly in the sunlit mountain air, the Crow's Nest rises over the Lion's back—a huge solitary dome of naked rock, holding proudly aloof from the neighboring clusters of peaks.

Now the pass suddenly narrows to a gorge.* Gushing out of a cloven rock in the Turtle's hind foot is a little river of milky white sulphur water. A beaver dam obstructs the stream a few yards from its source, and the stumps of the trees they have felled stand all along the banks. A pioneer in a log cabin by the mouth of the sulphur spring holds possession and purposes establishing a sanitarium.

Out of this sulphur gorge the pass widens into a valley with a comparatively level bottom, shut in by mountains on every side. The Turtle rises in the rear, shutting out the sunrise. Dense pine forests slope up from the southern bank of the Old Man river, while a glistening white ridge seems to bar the way to the west. Far off on the right, looking over the heads of all the intervening heights, the Crow's Nest mountain towers in stony solitude.

The road is bad—too bad for description. In ten miles it fords the Old Man river six times; then comes a short distance of passable travelling. The waggon trail comes to a sudden end on the shores of a lake which stretches from side to side of the pass.

The scene here is very beautiful. A gentle breeze comes wandering down the pass and the ripples plash on the eastern beach. There is no other sound, and no sign of man's existence. The vehicles can proceed no farther; the journey is accomplished. Camp is made, and there is quietude and rest for the evening, after the perilous day's ride. A tranquil air prevails. No one seems inclined to conversation. Is it the mountains around, so close and so high, seeming ready to fall upon the invading mortal, that cause a feeling of awe and silence to brood over one?

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* In this gorge the mining town of Frank was built within the last few years. The disastrous landslide, by which a portion of this enterprising little town was buried under an enormous mass of fallen rock, occurred but a few weeks previous to the publication of the present volume.

CHAPTER VI.

Exploring—Fishing—A rocky path—Summit of the pass.—A grizzly appears—He departs in peace—Returning to camp well repaid.

In the morning saddle ponies were requisitioned to explore beyond where the waggon trail ends. Those remaining explored along the base of the mountains for berries and flowers. Some tried the lake for fish with splendid success. The discovery of very fresh tracks, showing that bears were near, was sufficient warning to keep within a convenient distance of the camp and "the man behind the gun."

The party with the ponies, led by Bear Paw, tried the trail around the lake. A rocky bridle-path winds off to the right; but, narrow as it is, it can find no room to pass along the shore, and is forced to climb over a shoulder of the mountain. Up and down it goes at most impracticable angles, now overtopping the fir trees that spring from the edge of the lake, and then almost dipping into the clear water beside their roots. Here the footing is of solid rock, and there it lies among sharp, loose fragments brought down with a winter avalanche as the trail comes round the mountain spur and falls once more to the level of the lake. A little farther on a torrent crosses the trail with a deafening roar. Pouring out of a cavern in the overhanging cliff, the little river thunders down in a waterfall. The path now rises steeper and rockier than ever, till one is glad to climb with hands as well as feet, leading the ponies. After an equally sharp descent the trail loses itself in a dense growth of fir. Mountains, lake and sky are all hidden by the dense undergrowth, and it is with difficulty the path can be distinguished under our feet.

The trail passes out, and the mountains on the other side of the pass re-appear, so close and awful! The climbing sun peeps over the ragged edge and illumines the snow he cannot conquer.

Farther on another lake appears, exquisitely beautiful. A few miles beyond this lake the sources of the Old Man river are passed. The next little stream we see is flowing west to the Pacific. The summit of the pass is reached, and so has been the end of our journey.

After lunch the smokers were enjoying a rest before remounting for the return to camp, when within two hundred yards of our group, a huge bear issued leisurely from a cluster of pine shrub, took a very brief look at us, and quietly strolled off.

J—— was hurrying to fire from his Marlin, but Bear Paw prevented him, saying: "You let that fellow go; don't molest him; you can't kill a bear shooting at that end of him, and a wounded grizzly is a serious business. He may give you a chance to try your skill in marksmanship from his other end before we get back to the camp."

"He seems very willing to get away from us," remarked J——.

"And we should be very willing to let him go at present; his modesty may only have been assumed. When you meet a grizzly and want him, and you think he wants you, hit him through the brain. The wounds in any other part of his anatomy only enrage him."

"Is there any easier way to return?" asked Mr. Brant. "If I had known it was anything like that I would have stayed with the camp, notwithstanding I have stood in the Great Divide and drunk from a stream that flows to the Pacific. What with climbing and crawling up those steep rocks and looking over precipices my head is all of a swim. And the struggling of the ponies to hold their feet on the rocks—I thought at times they would fall over those fearful chasms; it is an inhuman pass."

"It is nothing when you get used to it; you won't mind it going back. It is comparatively a very good trail to what it was before being improved through Government aid," said Bear Paw.

"Where is the improvement? I can't see how it could be any worse than it is at present."

"It was one mass of fallen dead timber then, which made it extremely dangerous. The timber has been cleared away. The old-timers would have thought this trail 'away up.'"

The return journey to camp was made in the same manner as we came. We were now trailing eastward and getting a view of the western sides of the snow-capped peaks. We wound our way down from the mountain side to the margin of the lake and arrived in camp in the twilight, wearied and hungry, but recompensed for the day's toil.

Even the Ontario pilgrim expressed his full delight, saying, "I feel well repaid for the labor involved, which was as great a strain as I ever underwent," and looking over himself, added, "This good suit of Toronto clothes will have to be charged up to the day's adventure.

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CHAPTER VII.

Cynicus is cynical about the bear—The charm of the trail—Bear Paw's history—Origin of his sobriquet—The Georgian says Alberta is the best cattle country on the continent—Venison—Destruction of game by Indians—The fashionable hunter and the ranchman—The deer are doomed—A mountain storm.

WE remained by the lake side for a couple of days. Cynicus regretted that he had not been one of the party to the divide. He wanted a grizzly.

"I think you fellows ought to have been able to handle one bear over on that divide. If I had been with you there would have been a bear-skin in camp to-day or I would have perished in the attempt."

"We don't doubt your courage," said Bear Paw, "but I give you a pointer: it is safer to confine it to cows in a mire before——"

Cynicus didn't wait for any more pointers, but dashed off with a companion, scaling the mountain side, each with a Marlin and a belt full of cartridges.

Some were searching for flowers, others fishing, while some took their ease and rested in the tent. Among the latter were Brant, Olney and Bear Paw.

"I will have some adventure to relate to my eastern friends when I return. I suppose I can say that I went as far in the mountains as one can go with safety," said Mr. Brant.

"There is a very good trail continuing through the mountains, and when you make a journey through this pass it is possible you may live to see it done on the soft seat of a Pullman, but give me the trail and a good saddle-horse, and a good pack-horse," said Bear Paw. "No one who has not crossed the deserts of Arizona, or been through these mountains, can know the charm of a trail, or the full value of a horse. In the mountain country the streams offer the most danger. They are always swifter than they look, and deeper, and sometimes an experienced man on a strong horse is swept away and drowned. Dangers of the trail in the south in the plains country lie in the lack of water, the bite of the rattlesnake, the sting of the centipede or the tarantula."

"Any of these dangers I certainly will shun. Give me the peaceful safety of civilization," said Mr. Brant.

"I would take Bear Paw's choice," said Olney. "Danger is constant in life, and there are dangers on the trail; but they are not so great as in a city, and the beauties, the pleasures are many. You have good horses and a trusted companion with a suitable outfit. Hamlin Garland graphically expresses his view of the trailer, thus:—'After being on the trail a day or two the trailer ceases to regard time, distance, or the things of civilized land. Home is where grass and water are abundant. Time is marked by three events—sunrise, meridian and sunset—all else is needless division. Newspapers, bridges, lace curtains, and stoves are forgotten, or remembered with a smile.' I have not seen as much of trail life as Bear Paw, but I have known enough to give me a desire for more; it has given me a liking for it far surpassing a life in a city."

"You have had a wide experience in this western country," said Brant, addressing Bear Paw.

"Yes. I came out here with a cattle drive from Montana three years ago, in 1883. I was born in Georgia in '49. After the war I struck out for the West, and wound up in Texas, and learned cow punching in New Mexico; came through to Wyoming with a cow outfit; drifted over into Montana and worked on ranches there; and spent two years prospecting in Bear Paw Mountains before I came here."

"Bear Paw Mountains!" repeated Brant with the emphasis on the first two words.

Olney explained that Mr. Iles frequently interested the boys in cow camp by relating his experiences when prospecting in Bear Paw Mountains. It is the custom to give some name to a cowboy denoting some personal distinction or quality, and Bear Paw was given this name as a compliment.

"How does this Alberta country compare with Texas and Arizona for cattle ranching?" asked Brant.

"I would risk a bunch of cattle on the range right here in Southern Alberta quicker than I would in any other country that I have been in. There are occasional cold spells here, but this chinook wind keeps the snow cleared away. There are more storms and blizzards in Colorada and Utah than here. For suffering on the range go to Texas in some of their droughts; neither grass nor water there. The ground is cracked open so wide that cattle fall in and are lost. They perish in those droughts by the thousands. Take it all round, this is the best watered country and the best grass country I have seen."

Cynicus and his comrade returned, bringing with them each a haunch of venison.

"You have done well," said Bear Paw, "and I think this is more useful than the skin of the grizzly at this season of the year. What did you do with the remainder?"

"We left it in the Stoney camp where we got this. About four miles around the side of that mountain we struck a camp of Stoney Indians, and they have deer-skins by the score. We bought this, or rather exchanged tobacco for it. They have more deer meat than they can use."

Mr. Olney said, "It is a matter of regret that these Stoney Indians are not only permitted but encouraged to kill game in season and out of season. In '82 our party met a band of Stonies on Willow Creek. They had 370 deer-skins piled around their camp in bundles. The deer were plentiful then, but now a deer is seldom seen. The Indian has the privilege of hunting in all seasons in lieu of the ration allowance. This unnecessary destruction of game could have

LEES' LAKE.

(From a photograph taken at the time of our visit.)

been prevented, or at least checked, had adequate laws existed, and their enforcement been a matter of national consideration. There is also the fashionable hunter whose chief aim is to simply kill for the sake of killing, to slaughter even when his game cannot be utilized, that he may boast of the numbers slain, and to wantonly destroy that he may show the trophies torn from his victims. In this way thousands of heads of game are annually destroyed; but their number is comparatively small when compared with those killed by skin hunters and reckless ranchmen, who just for the fun of it never miss an opportunity to employ their rifles on all kinds of game. The deer are doomed in this Territory. Ride through the Porcupine Hills and see the evidence of the vast numbers of the noble elk hunted to death—exterminated."

Mr. Olney was interrupted by the arrival of the fishing party with a string of beautiful lake trout, accompanied by the botanists with some entirely new and rare specimens of mountain flora.

We had been favored with perfect weather during our trip. This last day by the lake was very calm and warm, with a mellow, hazy atmosphere peculiar to the Indian summer. But now a premature and ominous darkness fell while it was yet some hours before sundown. A distant rumbling coming from the westward mountain peaks warned us that a thunder storm was approaching. The tents were made as secure as rope and stake could bind them, but only in the nick of time, for gusts of wind swept over the lake, increasing in force, growing to a hurricane down the narrow pass, and lashing the lake from gentle ripples into foaming waves. The rolling thunder closed in all around us, and the lightning accompanying the explosions lit up the gorge and mountain sides into one continued fierce blaze. The rain became a deluge.

"Angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies."

The storm rolled onward and outward almost as suddenly as it came, with growlings and mutterings. We could see the lightning reflected from the black wall as it passed away to the east. The air soon became clear and calm again. The setting sun reflected a golden tinge from the mountain peaks. The Old Man, swollen by the sudden down-pour, swept by with a deafening roar. The ponies had stampeded down the pass; but the "Wrangler" had a horse secured for the emergency, and soon had them back and grazing. With the night peace and quiet settled down once more upon our camp.

Bear Paw that night did not find it necessary to quench the dying embers before retiring as a safeguard against prairie fire.

CHAPTER VIII.

A new-comer's impressions of mountain *versus* prairie—Fruit growing discussed—Mysterious disappearance of a catch of fish.

THERE was scarcely a trace of the storm the following morning. A hoar frost had settled and whitened all around during the night; but the morning sun soon warmed the chilly air, and hung sparkling drops on every tree and shrub and blade of grass.

There was plenty of dead timber, and the cook's assistants brought in enough of sound fir and pine to make two large blazing fires, around which we took breakfast.

Percy Tuite-Howard has kept himself very much in the background, and, out of consideration for his bashfulness, he has not been introduced; but when he is brought forward you see a well-bred young man of refined appearance, who had been only two weeks from home before he joined our camp in company with Mr. Olney. He had completed a course of study in a High School in Ontario, when a situation in a bank was procured for him at a salary of $300 a year.

Percy had read and heard about the North-West, and the tinge of romance which is connected with the ranch, the cowboy, the broncho and the lasso, and this had filled him with a longing for the western life. Of course he became discontented, and his parents yielded to his eager desire to try his fortune in Southern Alberta, and the more willingly as he was to go to Mr. Olney, who was an intimate friend of the Howard family.

Percy admired Bear Paw, and became quite attached to him as the days went by. He was taught a few things during the trip that are not usually found in the curriculum of the High School.

Under Bear Paw's instruction he had learned how to build up and keep the camp-fire going, and how to arrange the pots and pans over the fire with safety while cooking; he was becoming proficient in many of the duties of the cook, and was also overcoming his reserve and self-consciousness.

The conversation turned upon the choice between the mountains and the prairie as a place of permanent abode.

Percy said, "I am delighted with both the mountains and the prairie, and I wish we could stay in camp while the weather permitted."

"Now, tell us what you have enjoyed most?" asked Mr. Olney. "What part of the trip will you remember with the greatest pleasure?"

For a moment it seemed Percy could not collect his thoughts clearly, but he answered at last, when he was compelled to say something: "The outing altogether has been charming; but I know you will think me ridiculous when I tell you that what I have learned about camping out, cooking, the music of the coffee mill when I am grinding the coffee for breakfast, washing up, moving camp, has pleased and interested me more than anything else."

There was no inclination or cause for ridicule, but Percy's earnestness and frankness caused an encouraging smile from Bear Paw, and equally frank views were expressed by others.

"I would rather have the mountains in view in the distance than live among them, with all their magnificence," said C——, one of the botanists. "There is always a feeling of an impending indefinite danger hovering over one."

"My experience in the mountains and on the prairie has been very short. I belong to the pilgrim class," said Mr. Brant, "and I might not be content to live a mountain life; but I am so impressed with their greatness and sublimity that I feel an inspiration when viewing them, and if for no other result, I feel well repaid for my visit to Southern Alberta."

"You are looking very sedate this morning," said C—— to her sister E——. "I suppose you are sorry that we are going to turn our backs to the mountains."

"Oh, no!" replies E——, gently shaking her head, "but I want to turn my back to the bears. It must have been a bear that sneaked along the lake side yesterday and ate those fish we left by the rocks while we were higher up looking for flowers. We may have had a narrow escape from meeting the brute."

"We left a splendid catch of fish by the lake, and they were gone when we returned," said Cynicus, "and there were fresh bear tracks at the place."

"I was not thinking about bears, nor fish, nor mountains," continued E——, "when you were discussing the mountains and the scenery which one must admire; I was thinking of other scenery that I love, and it was away—far away, in Toronto township—our old apple orchard, when it is in full bloom, after the buds have burst into blossoms and all the air is filled with their perfume."

It was three years since the ladies of the party, the mother and three daughters, C——, M——, and E——, whom we have named "the botanists," had seen an orchard.

"Yes, my dear," replied the mother, as she placed her hand tenderly on her daughter's head, "my thoughts often carry me back to the old home, and it would be a great loss if we were deprived of the pleasure of such remembrances, for those memories contribute to our present happiness."

"When the prairie country is settled," said Brant, "there will be fruit orchards as we have them in Ontario."

"One needs to be very much of an optimist to have faith in fruit-growing in the chinook belt," replied Olney, and added, "irrigation would be necessary, and the chinook has to be taken into account. A wind-break would be absolutely necessary, not only to protect the blossoms and the fruit, but to ensure the very existence of the trees."

"I have not been in Alberta to experience a chinook," said Brant, "but I have heard that the chinook adds a special value to the district where it prevails."

"The chinook has a special value," replied Olney. "It takes the snow away so that cattle can graze throughout the winter, *and the benefit ends there.* All the same, these drying winds will be found a serious obstacle to any attempt at farming."

CHAPTER IX.

Camp-fire—Blue grouse, chicken and trout—Homeward bound —A tourist's waggon in the tree tops—How it happened— A pioneer settler—Visit to an Indian camp.

IF the hunters did not succeed in bringing in a bear-skin, they made amends by supplying the larder daily with an abundance of game—blue grouse and prairie chicken. The delicious mountain trout from the ice-cold stream were landed with so little trouble, close by the camps, that it was only a matter of a few minutes to provide them when wanted.

Bear Paw, with his assistant Percy, prepared our last dinner in accordance with all the rules of the culinary art.

The botanists busied themselves with packing up their collections of flora that they might be carried without injury.

Cynicus and his assistants rounded up the horses, and the outfit was expeditiously prepared for the afternoon drive outward and homeward.

After dinner the party turned their backs to the Crow's Nest, and returned by the same devious trail that brought them in along Turtle mountain, through canyon and sulphurous gorge and fords, up and down the same almost impracticable angles.

The riders started on the lead, their merry voices echoing through the valley.

After about an hour's ride, when cautiously passing along a narrow bit of trail, they discovered a vehicle, bottom upwards, about twenty feet below the trail, supported by the top branches of green fir trees growing against the mountain side. An attempt was made to discover the extent of this disaster, but the declivity where the waggon had overturned was too steep to venture. The waggon alone was a disturbing sight, and suggested a calamity of a very serious nature, which had rather a depressing effect on the spirits of the hitherto jovial party as they rode on to Lee's ranch, by the charming lake of the same name. The two waggons came up shortly after, and all encamped for the night.

Here we met Mr. B——, a tourist, and his companion, who were the owners of the waggon on the tree tops. Mr. B—— related how the misfortune happened. While making their way through the pass to the Crow's Nest, they suddenly encountered the storm of rain and hail, facing it where the trail barely allowed room for a vehicle to pass.

They could not go forward. They could not stand still. There was no room for turning or manœuvre, and while extricating the horses from the waggon they forced the waggon backward over the side of the mountain, just as the last trace was released. Men and horses escaped without injury. A camera, with the complete photographing outfit, was also rescued, and all returned to Lee's ranch.

The storm, which had descended on us at our camp in rain, obviously became a hail-storm shortly after passing over to the east, as experienced by Mr. B——, and also at Mr. Lee's ranch, where some fine vegetables in his garden showed the effect of the hail stones, which Mr. Lee avowed were as large as hen's eggs; but the fall of hail fortunately lasted only a few minutes.

Mr. Lee is a pioneer settler. In the seventies he led the nomadic life of a prospector. Now he had settled down in this present beautiful place, taking a daughter of one of the native families as a helpmeet—an established custom in the early days before the immigration of white women. There were a number of flaxen-haired children in evidence of a race amalgamation. There were also a number o Indians in camp by the lake, and their tepees, or tents, and the ranch buildings made an interesting picture.

Brant and Percy made a visit to the tepees with Mr. Lee, who interpreted for them. On their return Brant said: "They are very shy, and I thought they looked upon our visit as an intrusion; yet they are surely a very interesting study."

"I noticed in some of the customs of the squaws a striking similarity to their white sisters of civilization, in respect to the bright and many colors of their dress; but the squaw's dress is more simple in style," said Percy. "And," he continued, "they also, like their white sisters, paint their cheeks, but they are more prodigal in the use of the paint, for their faces correspond with the hue of their blankets."

"Yes, and I have discovered a similarity between the Indian and his civilized brother," added Brant, "in respect to titles, as Mr. Lee interpreted the names of some of the most distinguished. I will read a few of them from my memoranda: 'Packs His Tail on His back'; 'Wearing Old Clothes'; 'Riding Black Horses'; 'Bull Shield'; and others."

"The Indian is an interesting study," said Olney. "More than half a century ago a famous English writer said of the American Indian: 'The race is destined silently and slowly to fade from the face of the earth.' That opinion is confirmed by the official reports of the Indian agents in Alberta, and it seems the white man's record of their deeds, customs and manners is all that will remain to perpetuate their memory."

CHAPTER X.

Boxer and Bess—Prospectors on the trail—Specimens of ore—A chinook—Safe home.

THE following morning Mr. Lees took the botanists for a row on the lake, accompanied by their two faithful friends, Boxer and Bess. Although neither of these has received any notice in this narrative since we left the home ranch, they will be remembered by all our party for their superior sagacity and dignified and amusing ways.

Boxer, a famous retriever, was brought from England in 1883 by the Earl of Lathom, and is mentioned in Mr. Staveley Hill's book, "From Home to Home." Bess also came across the sea the same year; she was descended from a famous prize-winning family.

Mr. Bourne photographed the party in the boat. (See illustration.)

"What is that?" asked Percy, pointing outward to a lone cayuse coming around a bend of the trail towards our camp, with a huge pack on his back.

"Prospectors! That looks natural!" replied Bear Paw. "You will soon see others."

A minute more brought into view three weather-beaten, bronzed men, dressed in buckskin, mounted on cayuses, with other cayuses carrying packs.

The men dismounted within two hundred yards of our tent, and unburdened their horses from their packs and saddles. They were about to light a fire, when Bear Paw hailed them with an invitation to join him. "You fellows don't need a fire, we have a fire and grub to spare," he said.

The prospectors accepted Bear Paw's hospitality They were going through the Crow's Nest Pass into the Kootenay country. They had specimens of brilliant-hued ore, streaked with red, green, blue, purple, iridescent, stratified with layers of native copper, silver and gold, said to assay in the thousands to the ton.

After our noon meal Olney gave the signal for departure for the falls of the middle fork of the Old Man river, about twelve miles distant. We bade farewell to the kind and worthy pioneer, Mr. Lees, after he had directed us on the best course, as there was no waggon trail to lead us. We arrived in good time and selected a sheltered place to encamp.

"We are going to see what a chinook is like," said Bear Paw, pointing to a bank of clouds in the southwest.

The tents were firmly braced down; stones were carried and laid closely together on the sod cloths, completely encircling the tents.

We had our evening meal in the calm and quiet hour of sunset, followed by the usual pipe.

"The wind may not reach us after all the precaution we have taken," said Brant. "We have carried enough stones to hold down those tents to go a long way to build a house."

"Or to build a memorial to this camp," added Percy.

"Probably Bear Paw thought we needed a little extra exercise to sharpen our appetites for supper," said Cynicus.

"Appetites!" exclaimed Bear Paw, laughing. "Need exercise? They appear to need a great deal of something and everything in sight at meal time; but we will all be glad those rocks are where they are before morning."

The noise of the Middle Fork falls, which were close to the camp, drowned the roar of the approaching chinook.

It came in its usual erratic manner: first a puff or two; then a moment of calm, as if taking breath for a supreme effort; then with all its fury it swept along, increasing in force, relentlessly and mercilessly throughout the night.

"Neither man nor beast could stand before such a wind," said Brant, after we had taken our breakfast securely sheltered in our tents. "How long is it likely to last?"

"It may be over in two or three hours, or it may last two or three days," answered Olney.

"Are they always as violent as this?"

"No," said Bear Paw, "the chinook comes in different moods. Sometimes gentle warm breaths; at others a moderate speed, up to the velocity that tears away things that are not securely fastened down."

The wind died out about 11 a.m. as suddenly as it came. It ceased unexpectedly. When the wind changes in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from a velocity of fifty to sixty miles an hour into an absolute calm, one almost feels a need of something to "brace up" against.

While Bear Paw and his assistants were preparing the noonday meal, the botanists, with Olney and Brant, made a closer inspection of the falls, which were admired and compared with other falls and other scenery.

"I won't attempt to offer any more adjectives," said C——. "I have worn out my stock on the mountain scenery, positive, comparative, and superlative. There is only silent admiration from now to the end of our journey."

"Do say something," replied her sister, M——, or we will say 'Per-fect-ly lovely,' and then you will——"

The signal for dinner prevented us hearing what the result would be.

After dinner Olney said, "Our journey this afternoon will be south-east across the prairie, until we strike the trail leading to Pincher Creek, and from there homeward by the trail that brought us in."

To record the journey homeward would be monotonous and uninteresting.

We arrived at our ranch on Willow Creek on October 5th, 1886, after an absence of three weeks, when a pleasant pilgrimage was brought to a close with an evening very pleasantly spent, music from piano and violin accompanying good voices. Bear

Paw, with his assistants, provided a dinner worthy of his established reputation in the culinary art.

Many amusing and interesting incidents of the trip were recounted. As it was drawing on to the wee sma' hours, Olney reminded the young folk that there were more days to follow, and before retiring he wished to express his gratitude that there had been no accidents or misadventure, no hair-breadth escapes, no exploits of suffering, and the reason for this was that they were guided by Bear Paw, an experienced hand, who knew how to avoid difficulties and dangers. Before they separated they could reverently and cheerfully unite in thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow. The little company stood while C—— led at the piano, and every voice with grateful heart reverently joined in singing the doxology.

It is proper here to inform the patient reader that this unpretentious narrative was written at the time the trip was taken; the incidents were recorded promptly when they occurred. Being intended for private use only, they were not written for publication. As the narrative belongs to the early days, years before the railway went through the Crow's Nest Pass, the observations may have some historic value, and therefore they are presented to the public. Other observations of a later date follow in another chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

A pioneer fair—Three kinds of pioneers—Bereaved.

A FEW days after our return from the Crow's Nest excursion another short journey was taken to Macleod to attend the first Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibition organized in Southern Alberta, and I believe the first exhibition of the kind in the Territories. It was held on the 15th and 16th of October, 1886.

The weather was perfect, and I may note here that some careful weather observers of Macleod district state that the middle week of October is usually free from storm, and advocate either midsummer or the middle of October for holding a fair.

There was a splendid display of farm produce, roots, vegetables and grain, made by the Messrs. Grier, of Willow Creek, Mr. Ryan, Mr. McNab, and other experienced and practical farmers. It also goes without saying that the live stock was in keeping with the reputation of the country.

In connection with the object lesson given by this pioneer exhibition and the pioneer exhibitors, as well as those who "came to see the show," I had in my mind what an observing writer in the United States had published as to pioneers in his own country and the Western States, viz.: "Experience proves that it takes three sets of pioneers to make a permanent population. The first settler, with rare exception, ekes out a half-starved existence until he can make proof on his land. By this time he is ready to sell out to some of the second crop of pioneers, men who bring a little money with them to fight the battle with. As a rule, though, the necessity of incurring debts to keep things going beats this second class, and they in turn give way to the thrifty farmers who come prepared and able to stay."

The pioneer settlers in Southern Alberta are not the nomadic, wandering class described by the journalist south of the boundary line; these are the farmers "who came to stay," and there are no more skilful or successful agriculturists in any of the older counties of Ontario.

The following year, in June, 1887, the youngest of the sisters before mentioned, Ethel, was suddenly laid low with bronchitis. Doctor Kennedy was brought from Macleod, thirty miles distant. He had to cross two unbridged rivers, swollen with the June rains and the melting snow of the mountains. But no skill availed against the insatiate monster, Death; the tyrant soon performed his deadly work with this dear girl, but she passed down the dark valley fearing no evil.

The two overflowing rivers intervened between us and the burial-ground at Macleod, but the swelling waters did not deter faithful friends from coming to our sorrowing home. Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Grady, with the Rev. Mr. Bridgman and others, came from Macleod, where, joined by neighboring ranchers, we committed her body to the lonely grave by the side of the stream close to the home where she had spent the last few years of a short and happy life.

So far as the progress of the country is concerned, I might pass over the next few years with a dry pen.

The winter of 1886-87 was a very severe one, and had an injurious effect upon the country for some years; but as the seasons came and went things resumed their normal condition, cattle increased, and the ranchers prospered.

In Alberta they were secure from any invasion from the cattle ranges south of the boundary line, owing to the operation of a duty imposed of twenty per cent.; and lest this tax should not be sufficient to shut out the unwelcome strangers, a quarantine of ninety days was declared at the frontier. There was also protection from an invasion of settlers in the ranching district, in a statute prohibiting them from taking up land along the stream or enclosing springs. This practically excluded settlement.

While the interests of cattle companies were thus safeguarded, there was no amelioration in the social condition. The few families were separated by many miles—there was less than one family to a township of thirty-six square miles. Social gatherings happened but seldom. A dance in Macleod at the Christmas season, the annual stock meeting, or a visit to the round up, filled in the year's entertainment, varied occasionally by a visit from a Governor-General, a Cabinet Minister, or some other more or less important functionary.